THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MAKING LINEN.

Miss Banim, in Her Customary Able Manner, Describes How it is Done.

Why, She Asks, Cannot the Machinery for Making it be Produced in Ireland?

SPINNING.

Up to this all the "hands" at work are men whose wages average one shilling per day of ten hours. Now we see the "roving" and wet spinning—all done by women. This work is exceedingly interesting to a looker-on, who watches with wonder the activity of eye and hand, the care and dexterity with which the thousands of spindles are kept in such order. One girl will tend as many as twenty-four spindles, thus doing the work of forty-eight spinners of the olden times, as each spindle is said to produce double the quantity of yarn that could be spun at the old fashioned wheel, and it is wonderful to see the rapid whirl of the bobbins of of all sizes as the yarn, from the coarsest to the almost invisible fine, is spun and wound on to them. It is very interesting and very beautiful work, but at the same time one cannot help, especially in the wet spinning room, thinking how painfully hard these young children, girls and women must work that they may live and that the rich may wear fine linen. Here is an atmosphere so hot that it soon blanches the bright color out of the roslest cheek; so moist, from water flooding the floor and steam filling the air, that the operatives live in a perpetual Turkish bath. In this atmosphere are little children—half-timers they are called, because they only work for a certain portion of the day—these tend the spindles and earn 2s 6d and 3s a week. How can little ones grow healthy in such air? How can young girls be strong, standing all day long in water, then going suddenly from the hot atmosphere out into the chill air of the streets? Yet, because of the liberty for their holidays and evenings, they prefer this weary work at low wages—7s 6d per week—to domestic service, where they would have the comforts and protection of home, so valuable to them, if they but knew how to appreciate them. Still, I was told that

THE BELFAST FACTORY GIRLS

are, as a whole, very good girls, and they are certainly very quiet in manner and respectable in appearance. I had a long chat with a mother, who in her time had been a factory hand, and who gave it as her opinion that the young girls would benefit very much by having women overseers in the mills, if such could be the case; a kindly, sympathetic woman placed over the girls would, she considered, make them gentler and more womanly in manner—would, in fact, greatly help to refine them.

It is still all women who are working at reeling, which is winding the yarn off the bobbins on to which it was spun, and, on a wicker cage or reel, making it into hanks or cuts, each cut marked off with a tie, so many threads to the cut, and so many cuts to the bundle; a bundle will consist of 60 000 yards.

Next we see the busy looms at work, again in a hot air, moistened by steam which comes gushing out all through the room from pipes similar to gas jets, this hot moisture being necessary that the yarn may not become brittle. One of the prettiest sights in the whole process is weaving the warp, or the threads which run the length of the web, the woof being the threads which go across, catching up alternately each thread of the warp. Anyone who darns a stocking makes this warp first by preparing or placing a number of threads running lengthwise in the hole to be mended, and then, using the darning needle as a shuttle, works in the woof from side to side. Stocking-darning, then, as every little girl knows it, is weaving in its most primitive form. Warping, in a great mill, is something different. It is a pretty sight to watch some thousand threads, all tending from a "bank" of reels (a large frame like that of a folding screen) in which the reels are set in rows, and whence the threads, all in rapid motion and all tending to the "beam," look like a marvellous spider's web quivering in the air, as they are woven to the "beam," which will hold 12 000 yards of warp, or sufficient to make 150 pieces of linen, each 80 yards long.

In a room where the heat is almost intolerable we see men at work dressing the warp with a preparation of size made of Carageen moss. Then comes the

WEAVING OF LINEN GOODS,

from the ordinary web to a piece of sheeting 130 inches wide—the damask from towelling to the beautiful flowered patterns we use on dining-tables—and so on, through process after process, each one full of interest, until finally, as the dinner hour rings, we see the last fold neatly given by a machine to a piece of linen in the lapping-room. And then we stand aside to see the operatives pour out for a short rest in their weary day's toil, and feel that a visit to a spinning mill awakens in one not alone interest in and admiration for all the wonderful powers of machinery, and for all that is necessary for the perfecting of the simplest article made for our daily use, but the visit also makes us think very deeply over the lives of those that toil. Hard and painful lives for the many, with much wanting in them that might brighten and elevate—much that could be done by masters and teachers and preachers, but much more that only the people can do for themselves.

There are few who will not find something attractive in the establishment of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., a firm whose name is familiar in America, in London, and all through Ireland. In the various trades there carried on even the linen merchant is represented; he will see in the cellars beneath the warehouse, that the very shreds of his goods are turned to use, and are here being picked, sorted over large sieves, that the dust may fall into bins beneath, and packed for exportation to Scotland, the fine white linen parings destined to make notepaper, the coarser scraps and colored shreds for coarse paper. With the exception of one mill in Dublin, there is no paper manufactory at home—all that is used by Messrs. Ward & Co. is made in Scotland. I was given to understand that, if the trade were encouraged by the large consumers, paper could be produced in Ireland just as cheap and just as bad as any that is brought from Glasgow. How is it that every penny that can be sent out of this country is sent away? Everywhere one turns in Belfast there is to be seen machinery in which vast sums of money are sunk, and down to the very screws of that machinery all has been made and paid for away from home.

"THEY CAN'T PRODUCE THESE THINGS IN IRELAND"

is the invariable reply to every question on the subject, but if the will was there the way would very soon be found, and it could quickly be proved that Irish coals are as heating, Irish steam as powerful, Irish iron and other metals as pure as foreign ones, and our starving Irish artificers quite as intelligent as any others. Although he has a Northern accent, I feel pretty sure of the Irish origin of the herculean fireman at Marcus Ward's; how proudly he shows his engine and all the paraphernalia of his fire brigade, ready for action at a moment's notice, and each fireman's cap, belt, pick, hatchet and hose, in apple pie order, hanging under his brigade number. These precautions are very necessary in an establishment where there is so much inflammable material in every part. The building, too, is, as far as possible, fire proof.

It is difficult to say which branch of the many trades carried on in this large place claims most attention from, or proves the greatest attraction to, a visitor. I think each branch in itself seems to be the most engrossing, while one's attention is fixed upon it in particular. Here the mysteries of type setting, all the wrong way, as we ignorantly suppose at first sight, induces us to linger beside a poem which the type setter kindly gives us to read, remarking indulgently (this experience happened some years ago, and the poet has since gone his way), "these things are paid for by the owner—they please him, and don't do anyone any harm." Again we become deeply engrossed in the preparation of thousands of sheets of the pretty Christmas cards which are to give pleasure to so many, young and old, a few months hence, and with which we prematurely make the most intimate acquaintance. To begin, we visit immense stores where the stones for lithographs are kept. Of these—a species of fine sandstone from Germany—there are in stock a quantity representing a capital that would in itself set up a fair business, for the stones, especially the large ones, are very costly, even though the same one will last for years, the subject engraved upon it being, when done with, obliterated by grinding off and repolishing the surface of the slab. This process can be seen here, as well as the engraving of the various stages of the designs in present use for Christmas cards, book illustrations, almanacs, advertisement pictures, etc., which have to go through as many printings, either in one tone or in colors, as there are shades or colors in the finished design. All these shades or colors, as the case may be, we gradually see

PRINTED UPON VARIOUS OBJECTS,

from a sheet of soda-water labels to the beautifully tinted designs which we finally accompany, with much respect, into what at first sight appears to be a Turkish harem, but is really the gilding department. This is a place were one inclined to moralize upon the vanity of riches would find much matter for a sermon upon "This world's dress."

Here we find a number of women clothed in loose white garments or overalls, their heads closely covered, their mouths and noses muffled in white cloths, leaving little but the eyes visible, and every scrap of skin that can be concealed hidden away lest the impalpable gold dust that is in everything and on everything, should penetrate their lungs and smother them, or fill up the pores of their skin and kill them. This golden dust glistens everywhere, as each girl dips her cloth in the fine powder, spreads it over the surface to be gilt (which has already been sized) and then lightly brushes the surplus gold off. The hands are gilt, the clothes are gilt—if a nose manages to escape its Turkish bonds, it is gilt—and, showing how too much gold is worse than none, the skin of the gilders has lost the fair freshness of health, and looks sallow and delicate, as if the poor frames that are forced to toil so hard would prefer one breath of free, pure air to all the gold in the world.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

HEALY'S ADVICE.

He Tells the Irish People to Feed Themselves Before They Pay Rent.

A Right Manly and Gallant Utterance.

Following is the portion of Mr. T. M. Healy's speech, delivered at a meeting of the Central Branch of the Irish National League in Dublin recently, which has raised such a howl in England:

"Well the people knew now what amount of sympathy they might expect from her majesty's government, and that being so it appeared to him that they ought to take to heart the lessons that had been preached by that organization for the last ten years. What had been their recommendations to the people? What had been their declarations upon the subject of the Irish land question? In season and out of season they told the government, they told the land commissioners, and the tenants, and the landlords that rents were being fixed upon the people that a single wet season would render it impossible to pay (hear, hear). Was that going to come true or was it not? But, furthermore, they told the people of this country that if they allowed their organization to drop, if they declined to band themselves in the National League, if they relied upon a single good harvest, before very long the old conditions of 1847 and 1879 would prevail in this island once more (hear, hear). Now he saw it stated in very high quarters that

CERTAIN ORGANIZATIONS AMONG THE PEOPLE

were declared sinful and immoral (laughter), and he really thought that anyone who considered the subject—this painful and recurring condition of famine in Ireland for want of a little sunshine or because of a little extra rain—must feel that if ever there was a people or an organization justified in the conduct that they had pursued in years gone by it was the men and the organization of the Irish National League (applause). A number of the people of Ireland at the seacoast would be unable to pay their rents this year. Would it be criminal and sinful and immoral of them to withhold those rents? (No). Ought they to pay and starve? (No, no). He had always understood that in order to support life they were allowed even to steal.

A STARVING MAN SEEING A LOAF

in a shop window was not committing a crime when he took it to prevent starvation (hear, hear). What he understood to be put forward in certain quarters now was that the Irish tenants to whom it had been proved by a constant series of recurring instances of distress and famine, if they went on paying their landlords in the way they had been doing in the past, as certain as a bad season came they would have to beg for charity to the world, and were bound in conscience and in morals to pay their rents at all hazards on gale day. He (Mr. Healy) did not share that doctrine (hear, hear). He did not believe that it was a doctrine of the Catholic church, and in his opinion it was not only lawful for the tenants of Ireland to withhold their rents in seasons of distress, but the man who paid his rent and left his family to starve was little removed from the character of an assassin (hear, hear). Well, now they had to face this question—was Ireland once more to be placed in the condition of

A MENDICANT AT THE GATE OF EUROPE AND AMERICA,

begging for alms? He (Mr. Healy) was not willing for his part to subscribe or to beg of other people to subscribe to keep the starving people alive. They must be deserving people. He would not beg either for knaves or fools, and he would not subscribe anything to keep them alive (laughter). In those impoverished places in the west of Ireland the payment of rent and starvation were synonymous terms, and was it to be a duty cast upon the charitable that after those men had paid away to their landlords every shilling that the soil had made, to put their hands in their pockets and keep the people in each which they had thrown away? Why don't they keep their money in their pockets? (Applause). Why should the charitable put their hands in their pockets for such people as that? Why were the Americans or Australians or any other foreign nation to be compelled to keep men alive who insisted on paying away money which they knew was essential for the maintenance of themselves, their wives and families, in the season of distress. They promised the American people and the Australian people that

THEY WOULD NEVER BEG AGAIN

for Irish famine (hear, hear). Was that promise going to be broken, and if it was to be broken whose was the fault? The leaders of the people never failed at any time in season or out of season to impress upon the country the fact that except by organization and by sturdiness they would not be able to establish their right to live in their own land. Now the cry of distress went up once more from the western seaboard of Ireland, and the charitable were to be appealed to. Well, he would be very glad indeed to see every man relieved if there was plenty of relief going, but he thought that a very good condition for the Americans or Australians to impose upon their charitable contributions would be that none of it should go to any man who had paid his rent within the last twelve months. The men who paid their rents will have given the best proof that they were in comfortable circumstances and well off, and the men who had paid their rent could always rely on the sympathy, succor, and support of the landlords whom they had maintained (laughter).

LET THE LANDLORDS SUPPORT THE RENT PAYERS;

let us look after the men who have been unable to pay their rent (applause). On these lines it would not be difficult, or it ought not to be difficult, to administer a discriminate charity during the next winter and coming spring. The matter, of course, was an extremely serious one. Ecclesiastics, bishops, priests, who saw the unfortunate people withering in distress could not fail to be moved to pity and to charity, but charity was thrown away upon men who lived only to pay their rents to the landlords, and who had not the good sense to make provision in the rainy day for their own families and for themselves and their friends. If it were illegal to adopt what was called the Plan of Campaign, let them adopt anything with any name they liked. If it were immoral and irreligious to adopt it all he could say was that they should take any means open to religion and to morality to keep the people in their homes (applause). They should know what it was that they were driving at; they should know upon what foundation they were resting; and for his part he could see nothing for the people threatened with distress except to combine to meet that distress, and the readiest subscriptions to meet that distress were the subscriptions in the breeches pockets of the tenants which would otherwise go to the payment of rent (applause).

LET THE FARMERS OF IRELAND GIVE AN EARNEST

of their own intentions of grappling with the distress by their own contributions. Let them pay those contributions into a central fund. They would not call it the war chest (laughter). They could call it by any name they pleased, and when that was done they should await with calmness the onset of the landlord and the exterminator. These were the lessons that they had been teaching for the last nine or ten years. If the people had forgotten them the fault was not that of their leaders, and he could only trust that they would have sufficient stamina so to work that if any distress occurred by reason of the failure of the crops that that distress might prevail among the idle class and among the landlords, and not among the hard workers and the tenants (applause)."

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS.

[*Nashville American.*]

The Parnell branch, No. 267, of the Irish National League of America, held its regular meeting yesterday afternoon at Simmons' Hall, Union street. The meeting was largely attended and much business transacted.

It being the first regular meeting of the branch since the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions, which was done and the resolutions were unanimously adopted as follows:

Resolved, That believing we are honoring ourselves in paying tribute to the honorable and great dead, we hereby express profoundly respectful admiration for John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, publicist and patriot, and may his memory endure forever in the heart and brain of every true Irishman, because he was true, because in his truth he suffered for our country; because, while true to his native country, for which he suffered, he was truly loyal to America, the land of his and our adoption, which sheltered him.

Resolved, That the future glory of Ireland is foreshadowed in the glorious devotion to her prosperity, manifested by such sons as John Boyle O'Reilly, devoted, self sacrificing, courageous and steadfast. Ireland has devoted friends, but none superior to him.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the widow of Mr. O'Reilly with our sympathies, and that copies be furnished for publication to the daily papers of Nashville and the Irish-American press, spread on the minutes of this meeting.

James W. Johnson, Ch'm'n; John Downs, Barney McCabe, James Carney, Thos. Grady, F. J. Hook, M. McCormack, Sr., John O'Sullivan, Thos. Rooney, Sec'y; James Killeles, Pres't.

After some stirring remarks for the Irish cause by some of the members, the meeting adjourned.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions on the death of Mr. Martin Powers, were unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of Nativity Court, No. 11, C.O.F.:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to take from us our worthy brother, Martin Powers; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Powers the Catholic church has lost one of its most devout and faithful sons, and this court has been deprived of one of its most trustworthy members.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Court be extended to the bereaved widow and children of the deceased brother, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family and published in THE CITIZEN and the *Guide*, and also be placed on the record of this Court; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of this Court be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

RICHARD J. PHELAN,
THOMAS RYAN,
MICHAEL RYAN,
Committee.

Matthew Lamb, Chief Ranger.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

THE TWO CARDINALS.

His Eminence, Cardinal Manning "the Old Man Eloquent," Pays a Noble Tribute to Cardinal Newman.

The Cardinal's Eulogium of the Other Cardinal an English Classic.

The Cardinal-Archbishop's discourse on Cardinal Newman, delivered at the Requiem at the Oratory, South Kensington, on Wednesday, Aug. 20, was as follows:

We have lost our greatest witness for the faith, and we are all poorer and lower by the loss.

When these tidings came to me, my first thought was this: In what way can I, once more, show my love and veneration for my brother and friend of more than sixty years? It was not in my power to stand beside his grave. For a time I was in doubt whether this last and solemn rite should be in my own cathedral church, or here, as I may say, in his own home. I believe he would have wished it to be here, where the sorrow for his loss is a domestic sorrow, as of sons for a father. With their filial and private grief it is, then, most fitting that we should unite our personal and universal sorrow.

I am not come to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not, if I could. I could not, if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship, as I have have said, of more than sixty years, and the weight of old age, put it beyond my power.

Few now are living who cherish such a record of the past as I can. When I was 20 years of age and he was about 28, I remember his form, and voice, and penetrating words at Evensong in the University church at Oxford. Having once seen and heard him, I never willingly failed to be there. As time went on, those quiet days passed into the conflict and tumult of the following years. My field of work was far away; but I knew his thoughts by letter, and when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday. Then came the great decision, in which the toils and prayers of so many years were fulfilled and rewarded.

The next time we met was in 1848. It was in Rome. He was in the Oratorian habit: simple, humble and dead to the world. Again four years passed, and I heard once more the well known voice, sweet as of old, but strong in the absolute truth, prophesying a "second spring" in the First Provincial Council of Westminster. Why should I go on? You have known him since then in the midst of you. My last vision of him is when, as a brother and a colleague, he leaned upon my arm at the door of this church in a funeral rite well remembered by many of you, and by some of you never to be forgotten while life lasts. The last time I wrote to him, some months ago, I remember saying that his length of days was a pledge of the love of God. Such is but the beginning and close of a friendship that can have no end.

If any proof were needed of the immeasurable work that he has wrought in England, the last week would be enough. Who could doubt that the great multitude of his personal friends in the first half of his life, and the still greater multitude of those who have been instructed, consoled and won to God by the unequalled beauty and irresistible persuasion of his writings—who could doubt that they, at such a time as this, would pour out the love and gratitude of their hearts? But that the public voice of England, political and religious, in all its diversities, should for once unite in love and veneration of a man who had broken through its sacred barriers and defied its religious prejudices, who could have believed it? He had committed the hitherto unpardonable sin in England. He had rejected the whole Tudor settlement in religion. He had become Catholic as our fathers were. And yet for no one in our memory has such a heartfelt and loving veneration been poured out. Of this one proof is enough. Some one has said: "Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." This is true; but I will not therefore say that the mind of England is changed. Nevertheless, it must be said that, toward a man who had done so much to estrange it, the will of the English people was changed; an old malevolence had passed into good will. If this is a noble testimony to a great Christian life, it is as noble a proof of the justice, equity and uprightness of the English people. In venerating John Henry Newman it has unconsciously honored itself.

It is too soon to measure the work that has been silently wrought by the life of Cardinal Newman. No living man has changed the religious thought of England. His withdrawal closes a chapter which stands alone in the religious life of this century. It has for the most part been wrought in silence; for the retiring habits of the man and growing weight of age made his later utterances few. Nevertheless, his words of old were as "the hammer that breaks rocks in pieces," and as the light that works without a sound. It has been boldly and truly avowed that he is "the founder, as we almost say, of the Church of England as we see it. What the Church of England would have become without the Tractarian Movement we can faintly guess; and of the Tractarian Movement Newman was the living soul and inspiring genius." This sentence will be implacably resented and fiercely attacked; but it is true as the light of day. This intellectual movement was begun and sustained by one man. But for this movement Erastianism and Rationalism would by this time have reigned supreme in the national religion. The penetrating influence of this one mind has pervaded also the bodies separated from the Established Church and most opposed to it. They have been powerfully attracted, not to the Tudor Settlement, but to primitive Christianity. And the same sweet voice and luminous words have been working among them; all the more persuasively because he had rejected all things of this world, even more than themselves. He spoke to them as a simple voice of truth, which could neither be warped by prejudice nor bribed to silence.

In 1861 the following words were published in a letter to Father Newman, as he then was: "You have been a master-builder in this work, and I a witness of its growth. You remained long at Oxford, still, with all its disfigurement, so dear to both of us; but I was removed to a distance, and had to work alone. Nevertheless to you I owe a debt of gratitude for intellectual help and light, greater than to any one man of our time; and it gives me a sincere gratification now publicly to acknowledge, though I can in no way repay it." I little thought in 1861 that I should have the consolation of repeating these words, as it were over his grave.

I have no heart, at such a time as this, to go into details. It is for others, who will hereafter give their mind to record minutely the history of this great life and all that it has done. But we cannot forget that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforward say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects and unmanly brains. The superstition of pride is over. St. Thomas Aquinas is too far off and too little known to such talkers to make them hesitate. But the author of the "Grammar of Assent" may make them think twice before they so expose themselves. Again, the designer and editor of the "Library of the Fathers" has planted himself on the undivided church of the first six centuries; and he holds the field; the key of the position is lost. Moreover, his hymns are in the hearts of Englishmen, and they have a transforming power.

He has taught us that beauty and truth are inseparable; that beauty resides essentially in the thought, so that nothing can make that to be beautiful which is not so in the plainest words that will convey the meaning. The English people have read the thoughts through his transparent words; and have seen the beauty of Eternal Truth as it shone forth in his mind.

Thus far I have spoken of his work upon the world without; what can I, or what need I, say of his work inwardly upon the church? You all know it and have felt it. His writings are in your hands. But beyond the power of all books has been the example of his humble and unworldly life; always the same, in union with God; and in manifold charity to all who sought him. He was the centre of innumerable souls, drawn to him as teacher, guide and comforter, through long years, and especially in the more than forty years of his Catholic life. To them he was as a spring of light and strength from a supernatural source.

A noble and beautiful life is the most convincing and persuasive of all preaching; and we have all felt its power. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. knew the merits and the gifts, both natural and supernatural, which were hidden in his humility; and to the joy of all he called him to the higest dignity next to his own.

The history of our land will hereafter record the name of John Henry Newman among the greatest of our people, as a confessor for the faith, a great teacher of men, a preacher of justice, of piety, and of compassion. May we all follow him in his life, and may our end be painless and peaceful like his.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

THE MOST obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50c.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE LISTENER

The days passed delightfully at Seamore. The injured man grew rapidly convalescent. The wound rapidly healed; for though there was no mistaking the intention with which the blow was given, his thick overcoat prevented its force proving fatal.

Many were the conjectures and surmises as to who could have made the attack and the reasons therefor. But as no reason could be alleged, the guesses had no base, and resolved themselves into mere fancies. The only one thing that stood out clearly was that someone must have been close at hand when Eugene climb the orchard wall, had seen him drop the dagger, and had waited until Trevor Mortimer came upon the scene and had stedfthily struck him therewith from behind. Happily, however, the striker failed in his aim, as we have seen, and Trevor was now with great rapidity getting well.

Meantime, and awaiting his recovery, the time passed very pleasantly. Eugene doffed the uniform, much to the regret of the girls, who thought it handsome and becoming, and attired himself in civilian costume. Redmond kept a yacht, and whenever the stranger had no occasion to go into town—which latter not infrequently happened—he rigged it out, and in the November days ran out to sea or swept down the Wicklow coast. It was a very joyous company—Eugene, himself, and the two girls; and as the first mentioned was seldom without some entertaining narrative of his adventures abroad, and found ready listeners in the others, it would be difficult to describe the sense of enjoyment with which the time sped.

Many a laugh there was at the fright which Helen sustained at the first appearance of the handsome Frenchman, in which Helen herself, blushing deeply, joined; but the incident of the glove, whether forgotten or not, was never referred to—never mentioned.

At other times Redmond saddled his horses, and the four cantered along through the beautiful scenery and the exquisite country—then wholly unbuilt upon—that lay between Seamore and the mountains; and not infrequently the city lights were glimmering before they descended the hills for their ride homewards.

"It would be delightful if this were to last always," said Helen in a burst of enthusiasm, as one evening, glowing with health and exercise, she handed over her horse to the hands of the attendants and turned with Eugene to enter the house.

"Yes, it has been a very pleasant time to me—the pleasantest ever I spent, or—" said the latter gravely, "the happiest I possibly shall ever again spend."

"You speak as if it were about terminating," said Helen quickly, whilst a sudden gravity supplanted her enthusiasm. "I hope you have no intention of leaving us?"

"If I have, you may rely on it, dear Miss Barrington, it is an intention be gotten of no wish of mine, and comes of causes I cannot control."

"But there is not, is there?" said she, in undisguised anxiety, "any present prospect of your leaving. I had quite made up my mind that you would remain for the winter with us."

"It would not be of my own motion I should fail to do so; you may certainly believe me in that," said he somewhat evasively.

"But is there any doubt of your doing so? Redmond would be so grieved to hear of it."

"And would there be no one else sorry, Miss Barrington?" asked he softly."

"Yes, all. Every one would be sorry. Why not? What could be more delightful than the present time?"

"I am scarcely gratified by that reason," said Eugene disappointedly, and not without a touch of sadness in his manner.

"But there could be no better reason," said Helen, not failing to comprehend his remark, but desirous of evading it. "It is always sad to part with friends, and always sorrowful to see a time of enjoyment ended. Don't you think so?"

"I quite agree with you, Miss Barrington; everyone feels it more or less. But there are occasions when one is more touched by it, and for deeper reasons than because it puts an end to our enjoyment. I should like to be regretted for something more than that when I am gone."

"But you are not going," broke in Helen earnestly. "Say that you are not. You have quite thrown a gloom over me by even mentioning it."

"You must remember, dear Miss Barrington, that as I told you before, I am not the controller of my own actions. Fortunately it is so, as otherwise I should never succeed in tearing myself away from here. You cannot know how inexpressibly dear to me Seamore—and—and those in it—have become to me, short as has been my stay here."

There was a touch of tenderness in his words which kept Helen silent, and they walked together slowly and thoughtfully for a little while.

"I, too, should be sorry—very, very sorry. But I hope—indeed I do most truly—that you will be enabled to spend the winter with us. Think how short a time you have been here. Surely you have got no commands to go?"

"I fear, even without them, it would be better for me that I should. For many reasons, which I need not enter upon at present, I think it would be better for my future happiness that I should leave soon."

"For many reasons?" said Helen, wonderingly.

"For many reasons, Miss Barrington."

"You puzzle me," said she after another slight pause. "I cannot comprehend why your stay here should interfere with your future happiness. You are dearly welcome to us for many sakes, and,—I—I hope you are as happy as we thought you were, and as we would wish you to be."

"It is because I am so very happy that I dread the regret that will come to me when I am gone. Did it ever strike you, Miss Barrington—or Helen, if you will permit me to call you so——"

He paused, as he stood by a laurel tree under the window.

"Yes, Helen," said he, with a brighter tone in his words, "did it never strike you that one might remain in a place until feelings grew up in his heart he could not control; until chains of attachment and affection wound around his heart that he could not rend; until a power he could not break enthralled him, and until disappointment might poison his whole existence? It has arisen before with many; it might—nay, would—with me."

"Not here."

The words were so simply spoken that he thought at once she failed to comprehend his meaning.

"Yes, Helen, here. My own heart tells me it is dangerous for me to remain."

"Why? Because of what—of whom?"

"Because of you."

"Of me?"

"Of you, Helen. Ever since that first night I saw you I cannot describe the feelings that possess me. Your face is before me at all times. Your eyes break in on my dreams at night; I cannot——"

"Oh! for God's sake, Eugene," said the young girl in affright, "don't speak thus. You don't know what you are speaking of. You don't know that——"

There was a rustle at the window overhead that startled her, and Redmond's cheery voice was heard saying:

"What! you here, Trevor! I am delighted to see you able to move so far. Why, you will be able to come out with us in a day or two."

"I thought I should like to leave my room and get a little fresh air at the window," said the invalid, who had been sitting there silently all the the time, in reply.

"Oh, my God!" thought Helen, "he has heard it all," and with a most uncomfortable feeling flew into the house.

Eugene entered more slowly, and walked into the apartment where the two young men were. The lamps had not yet been kindled, and, save the dim light that came from the dusky evening outside, there was none other in the room.

He was, therefore, unable to see the pallor that overspread the face of the invalid, or the stormy light of anger and jealousy that shone in his eyes. There was no trace of any feeling but one of good humor, however, when, in a few seconds afterwards, the latter said:

"Well, gentlemen, I hope you have had an agreeable ride."

"A most agreeable one," said Redmond, cheerfully, "and only wanted your own presence, my dear Mortimer, to make it perfectly enjoyable."

"Many thanks. I find myself much stronger this evening."

"I am delighted to hear it. The fact is, I have been just considering since I came in whether I have not been acting a little selfishly in leaving you so much alone. But the necessity of showing Eugene old scenes which he may possibly never see again must be my excuse."

"Don't mention it," said the invalid. "I have been the unfortunate cause of trouble enough without bringing the house into additional gloom. If not with you in person I am in spirit in all your excursions."

"Whenever Mr. Mortimer comes to France," said Eugene, with frank good humor, "we shall make good to him his present deprivation."

"Your French wine shall give him back some of the strength your French dagger robbed him of," said Redmond laughingly, as he lit the lamps and handed round a box of choice cigars. "By the way, Eugene, someone has been here looking for you today during our absence."

"For me?"

"Yes, so they tell me. I hope he brings you no abrupt news."

"Did he leave no message?" inquired the other with quick concern.

"A letter. It is on the drawingroom chimney piece yonder."

Eugene went for the letter, looked at it curiously, opened and read it, and after some time returned to his place. The lamp was lighting and the table was spread for dinner.

"Well, Eugene; no unpleasant news, I hope. You are looking rather serious."

"Am I?" said Eugene brightly. "Then I shouldn't. There is nothing unpleasant in it. Merely an invitation to town tomorrow evening. But where are the ladies?"

"Unfortunately," said the old housekeeper, "Helen has a bad headache, and Miss Howard remains to keep her company. So you will be deprived of the pleasure of their presence."

"It is very unfortunate," said Redmond pettishly—"particularly as it is the first occasion you, Sir Trevor, have been able to dine with us."

"Helen is rarely subject to headache," said Sir Trevor, "and for that reason it is all the more afflicting when it comes."

"The ride was too much for her strength today," said Eugene. "I am afraid I am to blame for her absence."

"It may have been something that tended to excite her nerves," remarked the baronet, with a keen glance at the young Frenchman; but the latter did not seem to notice the remark.

The dinner passed over amid many anecdotes, in which much of the then condition of things in France and Ireland was discussed, and it was late when the gentlemen retired.

When Eugene was in his room he took the letter from his pocket, looked with fresh curiosity at it, remarking to himself, "This letter has been certainly opened and re sealed. It is singular if the sender should have done such a thing in a confidential communication."

"I half expected this," he muttered, as he re opened the letter and read aloud:

"Come in tomorrow evening. Important news has come from France. It is more than likely you will have to go back hurriedly. Come prepared for it.—O.B."

"Bond might have taken more care with so important a communication," he soliloquized. "'Go back hurriedly.' I half expected as much from the absence of communications for the past month. There is some blunder going on, I'll be sworn. Heaven grant it may not be a serious one. And so here ends my happiness for the present. Better, perhaps, it is so. I should be madly in love if I were to remain much longer. In love! I fear I am that already."

A smile passed over his face as a beautiful form and a pair of bright blue eyes grew up before his imagination.

But the feeling was quickly replaced by more serious considerations. "These papers!" he continued—"they told me I should find them in that oaken cabinet in the drawingroom. And I have completely omitted to secure them. Shall I tell Helen? No, better not. I shall leave them there for the present. If it be necessary I should leave, they can await my return. They concern no one but myself."

With which soliloquy he retired to rest, first kneeling down—a very unusual thing with Frenchmen of the day—to say his prayers; and taking out a gold crucifix from his breast, ornamented with *fleurs de lis*, curiously engraved in filigree work, kissed it, muttering "Poor father—dear mother."

In a few moments he was asleep. Bright dreams and fair faces haunted his slumbers; and he awoke when the sun was high in the skies, with Helen Barrington's blue eyes, as he thought, beaming on him—but it was only the stray sunbeams coming in through the half-closed shutters and falling on his face.

"Redmond," said Sir Trevor to his friend, when Eugene had left, and before they proceeded to their respective rooms. "I find I shall have to go into town tomorrow."

"Into town? Why, you are not nearly strong enough for that. It would be dangerous to attempt it."

"I am strong enough, and even if it were dangerous to my health I must run the risk, for I have pressing business; but I am quite strong enough to go. What I do feel is that I may not be strong enough to return, and I dislike the idea of remaining all night in town in my present condition. Could you meet me there and we can return together?"

"I shall accompany you in," said Redmond heartily.

"No, no. I should not care to take you from your friends for the day. It would simply suit me quite as well, if you were to meet me there, say about 10 or 11 o'clock at night—I shall not be ready to come sooner—and we can then return together."

"I am heartily at your service. Fix the hour and the place."

"All right, I shall be there. I shall bring the carriage with me."

"I should prefer not. We shall have one to take us home. Truth is, Redmond," said he confidentially, "I am rather ashamed to admit that my late illness has made me somewhat nervous—and cowardly if you will. It is not an agreeable character to bear before the ladies, and I should therefore take it as a favor if you would not state to anyone the reason of your coming."

"Certainly not," said Redmond. "There is no reason why I should."

"Thanks. You were always such an agreeable fellow, Redmond. This feeling I have referred to will wear off when I get more out of door exercise, but you can well understand one's weakness in desiring not to have it known."

"Of course. And after the illness you have had your nervousness comes natural enough. I shall not mention the reason of my going, and I shall be there at the appointed time. Your going may do you good, too, and give you strength to accompany us on our future excursions."

"By the way, how do you like Eugene? He is a very agreeable fellow, is he not?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mortimer cheerfully.

"The girls like him very much—Helen particularly. It," said Redmond, "you had been able to enjoy his company frequently, I am sure you would have been delighted with him, too."

"It is a pleasure yet in store for me," said Sir Trevor, with less heartiness, however, than Redmond had expected. "In a few days I trust to be able to make one of your party."

"We shall all be so glad of it. Meantime you should retire to rest without further delay. This being your first night up, it may overtax your strength for your proposed city visit tomorrow."

"I daresay you are right. You will not forget the time, the place, and the secrecy."

"I shall remember all. Good night, Mortimer."

"Good night."

And they separated.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUDDEN RESOLVE.

"You slept rather late, Eugene," said Redmond, as the former entered the drawingroom.

"So I see," said Eugene gaily, "but I have an excuse in that we had so long a ride yesterday and retired so late. I hope our friend Mortimer has not suffered from the unreasonable time we kept him up."

"Mortimer!" said the other, "why Mortimer seems the strongest of the three. He has gone into the city already."

"What? Why I thought he was unable to stir from the house."

"You would not have thought so had you seen him this morning. He looks as vigorous as either of us. His recovery is something wonderful."

"Much more than I expected. But when did he leave for town?"

"Not quite half an hour since."

"He made no mention of his intention last night."

"No. It was some sudden notion he took. Some business matter that occurred to him probably. Or, perhaps, he wished to take some exercise to aid his recovering strength."

"I am surprised he should not try it with us."

"Possibly he thought his strength would not be sufficient for that."

"Well," said Eugene, "I am sorry we are deprived of his company. When is he returning?"

"Probably tonight."

"If he had waited until this afternoon I should have had the pleasure of his company."

"Are you going to town tonight?" asked Helen.

"Unfortunately I must."

"We shall have a lonely evening in that case," said she.

"If the ladies would only permit it, Eugene," said Redmond, "I should be very glad to accompany you. We shall be probably back with Mortimer."

"You would not deprive us of the company of all the gentlemen, surely, Mr. Lefebre?"

"I would not of my own, I assure, Miss Howard," said Eugene gallantly, "for it brings myself too much pain."

"You look this moment like one who is suffering by anticipation," she said sarcastically.

Redmond laughed—as indeed did all—for the young Frenchman looked at the moment the embodiment of gaiety and enjoyment.

"But, surely, you are not going, Redmond?" said Helen. "Think how lonely we shall be."

"I shall undertake to bring him back early and safe and sound," said Eugene.

"With that undertaking I think I shall venture it," said Redmond indolently. "What time do you propose going?"

"I shall not be due in town until after dusk. The moon rises early. We shall have a pleasant walk; the tide will be full in."

"Very well; I am at your service."

"Well, gentlemen," said Miss Howard, "it is very unkind of you. How shall we two ladies pass the time until your return?"

"And the worst of it is," broke in Helen, "they have all made up their minds to leave together."

"We must only make amends for the present by enjoying the time we have," said Redmond. "What say you, ladies, to a long drive after breakfast?"

"Of all things," said Helen.

"It is a delightful morning for one. How soft and bright and mild the air is," said Kate.

"Always providing," said Eugene, "that we shall be back in sufficient time to permit me to keep my engagement. I am sorry to have to make such a proviso; but, unfortunately, my engagement is important and must be kept."

"We must prevail on Redmond to remain with us," said Miss Howard, addressing Helen.

"I have given my word to Eugene—he only can give permission to me to withdraw it," said Redmond.

"A permission I must withhold," said Eugene earnestly, "for I desire and need his company very much. You must remember, ladies, I am more or less a stranger in the city."

"Under these circumstances we must see that the stranger is protected," said Miss Howard, and amid much laughter they sat down to breakfast.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

ALLEN—Aug. 26 at Woodlands, Waterford, Nathaniel Madden Allen, T. C, P. L. G.

DWYER—Aug. 20, at Grovestown, Cashel, Rody Dwyer, aged 76 years.

GREENE—Aug. 30, at his residence, Millbrook, Mageney, county Kildare, John Greene, aged 80 years.

HUGHES—Aug. 29, at Valley Mills House, Graigue, county Kilkenny, Edward Patrick, eldest son of Christopher Hughes, aged 10 years.

NELSON—Aug. 30, at her residence, Kilteahin, Carlow, Margaret, wife of John Nelson, aged 64 years.

PASLEY—Aug. 29, at his residence, 10 Lower Mercer street, Dublin, William H. Pasley.

PRENDERGAST—Aug. 27, at No. 127 Strand road, Sandymount, Dublin, Francis Prendergast, aged 82 years.

TEELING—Aug. 30, at No. 9 Blessington street, Dublin, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Francis Teeling, Taxing Master in Chancery.

GOODWIN—Aug. 29, at Stonebridge, Wexford, Margaret, wife of Patrick Goodwin.

LEDWITH—Sept. 2, at the residence of his mother, Slyan House, county Longford, Michael Ledwith, aged 21 years.

MITCHELL—Sept. 2, at his residence, Castle fleming, Queen's county, William Mitchell, aged 68 years.

CONNOR—Sept. 3, at No. 16 Goldsmith street, Dublin, Mary, relict of the late Maurice Connor, and sister to his Eminence the late Cardinal McCabe.

MCCARTHY—Sept. 2, at her residence, No. 39 Upper Buckingham street, Dublin, Ellen, wife of Henry McCarthy.

HANNAN—Sept. 1, at her son's residence, No. 14 Denmark street, Dublin, Margaret, widow of the late Martin Hannan, of Ballycrissaun, county Galway.

VALLELY—Sept. 1, at his residence, Clady, J. Vallely, father of the Rev. P. Vallely, C.C., Kesdy.

CASEY—Aug. 28, at Tubbertown, county Dublin, Francis Casey.

KEOWN—Aug. 29, at Carlingford, county Louth, Jeanie, wife of Robert Keown.

KING—Aug. 28, John King, Dunlo st., Ballinasloe, aged 54 years.

COYLE—Aug. 27, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. McIntyre, 8 Lurgan street, Dublin, Mrs. Anne Coyle, widow of the late Patrick Coyle.

FEGAN—Aug. 28, Mrs. Mary Fegan, of Newfoundland street, Dublin.

GEOGHEGAN—Aug. 28, at her residence, Athlone, Mrs. Margaret Geoghegan, widow of the late Michael Geoghegan.

KELLY—Aug. 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, widow of the late Bartle Kelly, Clongorey, Newbridge, county Kildare.

MCGLADE—Aug. 28, at the residence of his father, No. 20 Cromac street, Belfast, Charles McGlade, B. A., late of Maynooth College, aged 25 years.

RONAYNE—Aug. 24, at the residence of his brother, Fiaskagh House, Dunmore, county Galway, William, second son of the late James Ronayne.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50 cents.

IF you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

GAELIC POETRY.

Duan na Saoirse.

Fonn—Taim sí am Chodhla.

As Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are about to visit us again, with many promises of Freedom, I revive the following song as appropriate. It appeared once before in THE CITIZEN, and is from the collection of Edward Hayes. M.C.

I

Is fada mé a g-cumhaidh gan truth le teurma,
Go dubh-chroidheach threith-lag tiáith gan treoir;
A'm bhaseadh ag búr 's a'm bhrughadh ag baothlaich,
Aluíb lom sléibhe faoi bhrácadh an bhróin;
Gan charaid a'm chabhair acht Donn* 'sa ghaolta,
'Do bheartuigh air d-tús dam túirling taebh leis,
'Go n-aithriseadh dúinn gach rún budh leir dho,
Le dúl greinn sgléipe a's gáirdeas cedíl.

II

D'aithris, "air d-tús dúinn, cúis na saor-fiath,
Gan fú suim gnéidh gus fáth an ghleoidh;
A's gur gairid bheidh buir a n-duthchas Féidhlim,†
A's crú chaoin Eibhir tar gan treóir—
Ta Diarmaid O'Dúinabháin 's a lougaibh gléasta.
Ag tarraing tar sáille le cabhair, d'ár saoradh,
'S ní mhaidhidh se bonn do chlann Luthérius,
'S béidh foghá Goidhil tréun gan tiás 's an tóir!"

III

"Feasda beidh greann le fonn ag éigsibh,
A's tiáin bhiu gléasta ag dáimh an cheóil;
Beidh cantain a p-Teamhair, fa shamhain, ag saor-fhiaith,
A's tocha sighe ag Cléir le fághail o'n Leoghan,
Beidh cealla agus tird gan cúinse ag Papisti,
Beidh Aifrionn dia-Domhnigh a d'teampoill Eireann
Beidh scapeadh agus scannradh air chompiucht éigin,
Táim sí am chodiadh 'gus ná dúisighthar mé!"

IV

'Sin agad ó thús gach rún ba mhéin liom,
A's meamhriugh féin mo sceól go chách;
Tigeadh gach crobhaire a g-cobhair leis na Feanáinigh,
Cuimhnigh mo chon-ráth, réub ár namhaid—
Sin agaibh an t-am agus gabhaig le na chéile,
Preabaig le fonn agus plannealg méith-phuic,
Leanaig an fogha ar dhream an éithig,
'S má h-iompuigheadh aéi le scáth o'n n-gleodh!"

*Donn Firineach, or Donn the Truthteller, to whom is attributed, in Irish mythology, the government of the fairies of Munster. His residence is said to be on Cnock-firian, a romantic hill in the county Limerick. The author of this bold appeal in favor of Irish freedom describes Donn as bidding him proclaim to the brave that the hour had arrived for the last glorious effort on behalf of his country. Donn is a historical personage, and is said to have been one of the sons of Milesius, the celebrated king of Spain. When these princes invaded Ireland, more than a thousand years before the Christian era, Donn, with his ship's company, was cast away on the west coast of Munster. It is a curious fact that the name of this prince, after the lapse of forgotten ages, is as familiar as a household word among the peasantry of the South.

†Feidhlim, son of Tuathal Teachtmar, and father of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was monarch of Ireland at the commencement of the second century of the Christian era. It was in the person of his father, Tuathal Teachtmar, or the Acceptable, that the Milesian dynasty was restored after the Attocotic rebellion.

[*Metrical Translation.*]

The Song of Freedom.

I

All woeful, long I wept despairing,
Dark bosom'd, fainting, wearied, weak,
The foeman's withering bondage wearing,
Remote in the gorge of the mountain bleak:
No friend to cheer my visions dreary,
Save generous Donn,* the King of Faery,
Who mid the festal banquet airy,
These strains prophetic thus did speak,—

II

"Behold how chieftains glorious, regal,
Are bondage-bound, dishonored, low:
These churls from Fheilm's† heirdom legal,
And Eiver's lands, are doomed to do;
But Rossa is brave, shall have fleets to lead 'em,
Will reach our shores with bombs and freedom;
And vengeance, doubly dark, shall speed 'em,
Till bursts their might upon the foe."

III

"And bards shall pour their tuneful treasure,
And minstrels strike their voiceful string,
And Tara wake to music's measure,
And priests be cherished by their king;
And sacred rights and mass bells sounding
All Erin's holy domes be found in,
And scattering fear the foe astounding,
The Gael shall then sleep, and exulting, sing.

IV

"You've heard the secrets I've unfolden;
To our Irish heroes their truths bestow;
And speak, 'twill all our braves embolden;
The treaty broken by the lying foe;
For now is the hour—your powers uniting,
Arise to crush the fat he-goats blighting;
And, while the race of treachery smiting,
Let none his vengeance dire forego!"

THREE FORTUNATE MEN.

That Number of St. Louisians Made Happy by The Louisiana State Lottery.

August Fuelsch and John Ingall, two employes of Bridge, Beach & Co., stove manufacturers, of this city, have had quite a windfall financially during the past ten days. This unlooked for occurrence was brought about through the medium of ticket No. 92,811, of which the above parties held one twentieth and which drew on the 12th inst. at New Orleans $100,000. Mr. Fuelsch and Mr. Ingalls were thereby made the recipients of $5,000, which amount was collected through the Adams Express Co. The latter gentleman immediately invested his half—$2,500—in real estate, and the former is at present actively in search of a desirable farm upon which in the course of time he wishes to retire with his family. Both gentlemen are high in their praise of the institution which has bestowed upon them a feeling of independence and feel very jubilant over their success. This ticket was the third one purchased by these gentlemen, one of the previous ones having won $5.

The third fortunate gentleman is Mr. L. C. Shotte, who is connected with the commission house of D. W. Van Houten & Co., on Third street, near Carr. He also held a twentieth of ticket No. 92,811 and collected $5,000 through the German-American Bank. The *Critic* man called upon Mr. Shotte but failed to find him in. He is, no doubt, as much elated as the other parties and will doubtless use his money as a stepping stone to greater fortune.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Critic, Aug 30.*

HALL'S Hair Renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of dandruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-sixth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 295 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Brousgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Carolina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 334 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Eastag, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Scofield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Baths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 8 and 9:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, C.S.R., pastor. Residence 399 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport ave. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

THEY NAMED A FARMER.

Milton Trussler Nominated for Secretary of State

BY THE REPUBLICANS OF INDIANA.

Other Nominations Made by the Convention Held at Indianapolis—A Synopsis of the Platform—Minnesota Democrats in State Convention Nominate a Ticket Headed by Judge Wilson—Kansas Resubmissionists—Other Political Items.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 10.—The Republican state convention was called to order Wednesday morning by Chairman Michener of the state central committee. Nearly all of the 1,320 delegates were present. Hon. R. W. Thompson, ex secretary of the navy, was made permanent chairman.

A resolution was adopted ordering the secretary of the convention to send a congratulatory telegram to Thomas B. Reed, "formerly of Maine, but now of the United States." Nominations for secretary of state were then called for and James M. Wynne, Perry Schultz and Milton Trussler were placed in nomination.

Trussler Nominated.

The first ballot resulted: Trussler, 873; Wynne, 345; Schultz, 102. Trussler was declared the nominee. Mr. Trussler is a farmer from Fayette county. He spoke at considerable length in eulogy of what the Republican party has done for the people. His speech was loudly applauded.

Col. I. N. Walker, of Marion, and William Hazen, of Wabash, were presented for auditor of state. The ballot resulted in the nomination of Walker, who received 839 votes and Hazen 492.

For state treasurer, George W. Pixley of Allen county received the nomination. John H. Lovett of Madison and W. T. Noble of Wayne were nominated for attorney general and clerk of the supreme court, respectively, by acclamation, neither having opposition. John Worrell was also renominated by acclamation for chief of the bureau of statistics. R. W. McBride was nominated for judge of the supreme court.

Synopsis of the Platform.

The platform was presented by Chairman De Motte of the committee on resolutions. It denounces trusts and combines, champions cheaper transportation; indorses Governor Hovey's administration; demands that the benevolent institutions be placed above the level of party politics; denounces mobs; deprecates the influence of the saloon in politics; denounces as unpatriotic the condemnation of judges of courts by party conventions; opposes any increase in taxes; condemns free trade and indorses the administration of President Harrison. A resolution indorsing Speaker Reed was read and greeted with loud cheers.

MINNESOTA DEMOCRATS.

They Nominate Judge Wilson for Governor—The Rest of the Ticket

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 10.—Judge Thomas Wilson, of Winona, one of the ablest lieutenants of President Cleveland in the Fiftieth congress, is the standard-bearer of the Democracy of Minnesota for 1890. That there could be no other outcome of the state convention held in St. Paul Tuesday was practically assured a month ago, when Judge Wilson declined to be a candidate for congress in the First district, although he and the leaders of his party felt certain that he would have almost a walk-over with Representative Mark H. Dunnell as his opponent. There were 480 delegates in the convention, requiring 241 to nominate.

Dr. Ames' Supporters.

The opposition to Judge Wilson, chiefly from Hennepin (Minneapolis) and Washington counties, did its best to overcome Wilson's strength before the convention met, and claimed to be able to control not less than 225 votes and possibly more. The Minneapolis men pinned their faith to Dr. A. A. Ames, who came within an ace of carrying the state four years ago, while the Washington county delegation came to the front with State Senator Durant as their candidate. At no stage of the proceedings were either in the race. Following is the full ticket: Thomas Wilson, governor; E. G. Pahl, lieutenant governor; A. T. Lindholm, secretary of state; C. M. Foote, treasurer of state; A. Biernan, auditor of state; David T. Calhoun, attorney general; T. F. O'Hair, clerk supreme court.

Michigan Democrats.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 10.—The Democratic state convention was called to order at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning in Hartman's hall by Chairman Weston of the central committee. Ex-Congressman M. H. Ford was made temporary chairman. In a brief speech he eulogized Grover Cleveland, at the mention of whose name the convention arose with cheers. After the usual committees had been appointed the convention took a recess until 2:30 p. m.

Upon reassembling Hon. E. B. Winans, of Hamburg, was nominated for governor by acclamation.

For Governor of Kansas.

WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 10.—The Democratic and resubmissionist state conventions met here Tuesday. The resubmissionists compose a faction of the Republican party that opposes prohibition, favors high license, and is striving to obtain through the legislature a resubmission of the prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people. To attain these ends they formed a separate party and fused with the Democrats. Both conventions met at the same hour in different halls. Ex-Governor Robinson was nominated for governor by both conventions.

Barrows Renominated.

PAWPAW, Mich., Sept. 10.—The Republicans of the Fourth congressional district in convention Wednesday renominated J. C. Burrows for congress by acclamation.

Passed the Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 10.—The senate met at 11 o'clock and after a few moments spent with routine business, the tariff bill was taken up—the question being on its passage—with six hours allowed to close the discussion after, which the vote was to be taken.

The tariff bill passed the senate by a vote of—yeas 40, nays 29. As soon as the vote was announced the senate adjourned.

Highly Important if True.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—The court circular mentions the fact that Miss Addie Smith, of Toronto, has, by invitation, danced before the queen and the royal family.

STRUCK BY A WATER SPOUT.

Novel Accident to a Train on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 11.—Wednesday night at 9 o'clock passenger train No. 19, east-bound, from El Paso, on the Southern Pacific railway, was caught in a waterspout about fifteen miles west of Del Rio. The water, some forty feet wide, struck the forward part of the train. It tore the engine, baggage car, and mail car from the coaches and carried them forty-five feet, overturning them. The passengers knew nothing of the approach of the water until the jar occurred. The engineer and fireman escaped drowning by swiming to high ground. The track was torn up for 200 yards and a gully ten feet deep cut through it. The train is still standing and a force of men are repairing the track.

The Rio Grande on a Rampage.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., Sept. 11.—The Rio Grande is higher at this point than it has been for ten years. Wednesday afternoon the lower parts of the city were inundated and considerable property was destroyed, but no lives were lost. About 5 o'clock an iron trestle, leading to a bridge over the river, was carried away, and with it the office of the customs guard, inspector, quarantine guard and four or five others. Although the trestle was fifty feet high no persons were hurt by the fall and the people clung to the wreck until they were rescued about a mile down the river.

STRIKERS CALL ON DEPEW.

But the New York Central President Has Nothing to Say.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—A committee of five of the ex-employes of the New York Central railroad who went out on strike called on President Chauncy M. Depew.

"We have come to talk over the strike on the New York Central road," said one.

"I'm afraid there is nothing to talk about. The strike is virtually over now," replied Mr. Depew.

The spokesmen then asked Mr. Depew to wait until the committee had discussed the matter, and said that they would then return and make their propositions to him.

Mr. Depew replied: "There is no use in making a false promise to you. There is nothing more to be done. I do not care to talk over back numbers. You have chosen to resign your places, Mr. Webb has filled them and I have nothing more to say."

The committee then left the office.

Michigan Democratic Ticket.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 11.—The full ticket nominated by the Democratic convention held here is as follows: Ed-B. Winans, governor; John Strong, lieutenant governor; D. R. Soper, secretary of state; Fred Braastad, treasurer; A. A. Ellis, attorney general; George W. Stone, auditor general; David A. Hammond, board of education; J. W. McGrath, justice of supreme court; David Bacon, land commissioner; F. S. Fitch, superintendent of schools. The platform denounces the McKinley bill and the high tariff policy of the present administration, and demands that the tariff and internal revenue taxes shall not be higher than actually required to carry on the government economically administered.

Closed by the Sheriff.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—The Chicago branch of the Eureka Silk Manufacturing company, of Boston, was closed by the sheriff Wednesday on a confession of judgment in the supreme court for $93,332 36. The confession was in favor of Weston Lewis, of Boston, George S. Bullens, of Newton, and Artemus Sterns, of Lawrence, Mass., who are assignees of Seavey, Foster & Bowman, of Boston. An attachment suit was also begun by W. K. Lewis & Co., of Boston, to recover $4,506 on a note made by Seavey, Foster & Bowman and indosed by the company.

Dr. Talmage's New Tabernacle.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Dr. Talmage has secured the money with which to rebuild the Brooklyn tabernacle and the work of construction will shortly be begun. Russell has advanced $125,000 for the period of one year at 6 per cent. interest. The land cost $105,000 and has been wholly paid for. Besides this collateral Dr. Talmage insures his life for $25,000 as part payment. The cost of the new church is estimated at $350,000 and with its new organ and other incidental expenses the entire cost including the land will reach $505,000.

Pettit Resigns His Title.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 11.—Pettit, the court tennis champion of the world, has written a letter to the editor of The London Field, in which he says: "To prevent any possibility of a misunderstanding in the future, I wish to say it is not my intention to defend my tennis championship, I am employed all the year and can not afford to give the time which the preparation for a match requires. I hereby formally resign the title and can not answer any challenges which may be sent me."

One Man Ground to Pieces.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 11.—Wednesday night James Howard, a resident of Hillsboro, O., while cleaning an engine in the yards of the Ohio and Northwestern railroad was ground to pieces by collision with a runaway train on the Cincinnati, Lebanon and Northern road. The following persons were injured seriously on the Lebanon and Northern train: Engineer Dodds, Fireman Little, Conductor Devine, Brakeman Tuthill, and Brakeman Hayes.

To Perform Mr. Clarkson's Work.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 11.—Ten days having expired since First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson resigned his office, President Harrison has designated Edwin C. Fowler, chief clerk of the office, to perform the duties of first assistant postmaster general. At the expiration of ten days another official designation will be necessary unless an appointment shall have been made in the meantime.

Suicide of a Demented Woman.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Sept. 11.—Laura Horn, aged 31 years, committed suicide Thursday morning by hanging herself to the fanlight of a hall bedroom at her home here. She was demented. When her father, Frederick Horn, 68 years old, discovered the fate of his daughter he shot himself in the head with a revolver, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

Tillman Nominated for Governor.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 11.—The following ticket was nominated by the Democratic convention at an early hour Thursday morning: Governor, B. R. Tillman, of Edgefield; lieutenant governor, E. B. Gary, of Abbeville; secretary of state, T. E. Tindall, of Clarendon; treasurer, W. T. C. Bates, of Orangeburg; attorney general, Y. J. Pope, of Newberry.

A HUNDRED POISONED.

Sad Result of a Benevolent Lady's Charity.

UNEMPLOYED MEN GIVEN A SUPPER,

But the Entire Party Are Poisoned Owing to a Servant's Carelessness and Three of Them Die—The Lady Deeply Distressed Over the Occurrence—"In Darkest England and the Way Out"—Other Forign Notes of Interest.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Miss White, a benevolent lady residing at Fulham-on-Thames, gave a meat supper to 100 laborers out of work. Hardly was the meal finished when the entire company was taken ill, many suffering extreme pain. Doctors were called in who found that the whole party had been poisoned. Antidotes were administered, but three persons have died and others are still in a serious condition. The poison has been traced to a corrosive deposit in the interior of tea urns, which had not been previously used for a long time and which were not properly cleaned by the servants. Miss White is in great distress over the disaster.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Gen. Booth's New Book.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, will publish in October his book bearing the title, "In Darkest England and the Way Out." The work is explanatory of his gigantic system for the reclamation of social outcasts in this country. Booth says he inteads to start homes of refuge, as he calls them, where outcasts may be rescued from lives of crime, whether they are already criminals or not. Women are to be fed and clothed and taught to earn an honest living. When this object shall have been attained, the rescued women will be sent out of the country by a regular system of emigration, and launched properly on a virtuous future.

Lord and Lady Dunlo.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Lord and Lady Dunlo again made their appearance in court Friday, not, however, as opposing parties in a suit for divorce, but to prosecute an offender. At the central criminal court, Old Bailey, Alden Weston, the father of Lady Dunlo's child, was arraigned for forging Lady Dunlo's name. Weston has been imprisoned for some time. He pleaded not guilty, and his trial will now proceed from day to day. Accompanying Lord and Lady Dunlo was Bachelor Wertheimer.

The Situation at Ticino.

BERNE, Sept. 13.—Affairs in the canton of Ticino are very orderly now. The prisoners taken by the insurgents are retained in custody for fear the populace might murder them if they were released. The federal council hopes to compromise with the insurrectionists by arranging for an equal representation in the legislature of the government party and the revolutionists.

The Czar and the Lutherans.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—A dispatch from Berlin states, in regard to the persecution of Lutherans in the Baltic provinces of Russia, that three pastors have been banished and sixty-six are on trial, mostly on trivial charges. The Russian government is doing all it can to stamp out the Lutheran religion, as the members of that church are suspected of leaning toward Germany.

Manning and Leo Out of Harmony.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Advices from Rome indicate that the pope is not pleased with Cardinal Manning's latest utterance on the labor question. His holiness is said to have expressed the opinion that the cardinal was being led by personal sympathy to indorse labor programmes which are not entirely in harmony with the settled attitude of the church on such questions.

Used Defiant Language.

BERLIN, Sept. 13.—Sixteen soldiers of the Seventy-eighth regiment have been sentenced to interment in the fortress for using defiant language toward their captain. The men are all Socialists.

Anarchist Meeting at Berlin.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The first Anarchist meeting ever held openly in Berlin has just taken place by permission of the police. The meeting was a very tame and unimportant affairs.

Dr. Koch's Experiments.

BERLIN, Sept. 13.—The celebrated German physician, Dr. Koch, who claims that he can cure consumption by inoculation, is about to experiment on human patients.

Conceded the Demand.

SOUTHAMPTON, Sept. 14.—The advance in wages asked for by the firemen and seamen has been conceded by the employers and work will be generally resumed on Monday.

A Failure on 'Change.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—A notice announcing that Charles Smith & Co. could not meet their obligations was posted on 'change Saturday morning. The failure excited general remark, as Mr. Smith has been an active and bold speculator and a prominent factor in the wheat market. Mr. Smith is at home sick and no accurate estimate of the firm's assets or liabilities can be arrived at.

Loomis & Co.'s bucket shop was closed Saturday morning and it is reported that Loomis had disappeared with $55,000 of his customers' money. Every other bucket shop in the city except Murphy & Co. is said to be in trouble.

Swindled by "Green Goods" Men.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Sept. 13.—James W. Barnes and W. P. Parker, two country boys of Pleasant Hill, Ills., met two strangers at a hotel here and exchanged $300 cash for a package purporting to contain $1,000 of counterfeit money. Upon opening the package they were chagrined to find that it contained nothing but blank paper. The strangers registered at the hotel as George Horton and H. H. Mason.

Snow in Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 12.—The Journal's special from Hallock, Minn., says the rain which had been falling since Wednesday night turned to snow Friday morning. Farmers are afraid the wheat will sprout in the shock. An inch of snow is reported at St. Vincent. Threshing is not over and much wheat will be destroyed in the Red River valley.

AFFAIRS IN SAN SALVADOR.

Gen. Ezeta Elected President—The People Very Enthusiastic.

SAN SALVADOR, Sept. 13.—Gen. Carlos Ezeta is president of Salvador. The assembly or congress which convened Thursday went into executive session at 9 o'clock Friday morning. The provisional government under the presidency of Ezeta since June 22 was carefully scrutinized and accepted without a dissenting vote. The election of a president was the next order of business, and on the first ballot Gen. Carlos Ezeta received 76 votes out of 87, and immediately the speaker of the assembly announced his election amid the wildest enthusiasm. The people in the crowded galleries shouted "Viva Ezeta." The cry was caught up in the streets, where the excitement knew no bounds, and was carried to the farthest parts of the republic by wire. The president was called to the speaker's stand, where the oath of office was immediately administered. Following this Ezeta made a most patriotic speech.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A Swell Wedding at Providence Which Did Not Take Place.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 11.—A swell wedding feast, for which the flower of the Rhode Island "400" has been preparing for months past, did not take place Wednesday as announced. Two of the foremost of the Episcopal clergy in this city were to have made Miss Eva Davis the wife of Rev. J. A. Atwood, of St. James' church, of this city, but Miss Davis changed her mind on the very eve of the wedding. Rev. J. A. Atwood has one of the most remote of Episcopal church pulpits here, a little parish at the jumping off end of the city, with a bare handful of parishoners. The house of Scarboro was having its daintiest gown put on and the wedding breakfast was ordered without a mention of the price limit. At the last moment, just on the eve of the wedding, Miss Davis concluded that she had a mission in the continuance of single bliss and Rector Atwood was at once notified of her decision.

HORRIBLY MANGLED.

Two Men Instantly Killed by an Explosion of Powder.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Sept. 12.—A keg of giant-powder which was left standing in a blacksmith shop exploded with horrible results. Two men, John Wolforth and John Haas, who were at work at an anvil, were instantly killed, their bodies being frightfully mangled. Several others were also injured, but their wounds are not considered dangerous. A week horse which was standing tied at the door was blown to atoms, while the shop was completely destroyed and a deep hole plowed in the ground where it had stood. The explosion was caused by a spark from the anvil flying into the keg, which had been carelessly placed inside the shop by one of the quarrymen.

Daring Highway Robbery.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 13.—A bold highway robbery complicated with a deadly assault was perpetrated on the North street circle at 5 o'clock Saturday morning. At that hour Anthony Gaffney, living at 175 Fourteenth street, was returning home from his work when a man dashed upon him and attempted to steel his watch and money. A struggle followed and the assailant drew a revolver and shot Gaffney through the body, and then gashed him with a knife. Gaffney fell and the robber emptied his pockets and fled. Gaffney is seriously injured. There is no clew to the robber.

Stabbed a Railway Detective.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—D. M. Avery, a detective for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, was fatally stabbed Saturday morning by Louis Dyckmen, who is under arrest. The two met in a saloon at Sixty-seventh street and Ashland avenue, and Dyckmen being half drunk and quarrelsome Avery stepped outside to avoid trouble. Dyckmen followed the detective, and without warning plunged a pocket knife into his jugular vein. Avery fell to the sidewalk, and in a few minutes bled to death.

Believe in Schweinfurth's Theory.

WINONA, Minn., Sept. 13.—The city of St. Charles, about twenty-five miles north of here, is greatly excited over a statement published in a local paper and signed by twenty-four prominent citizens, including two preachers, announcing their belief in Schweinfurth's immaculate conception theory, and saying they "have laid aside the idea of marrying or giving in marriage." This is the city to which Schweinfurth fled about a year ago when officers were after him.

A Dastardly Plot Revealed.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 11.—An audacious plan which contemplated the wholesale kidnaping of children for ransom was revealed Wednesday when the grand jury found a true bill for that offense against Henry C. Wilson, who keeps a feed and livery stable at 2037 East Eighteenth street. The plan was to kidnap the children of wealthy parents, conduct them to a secret place in some distant state, and keep them there until their ransoms should be paid.

More Alleged Train Wreckers Arrested.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 11.—A dispatch just received from Utica states that Cain and Buett, the two men who are said to have fixed the obstruction on the rail that caused the wreck of the Montreal express, passed through there Thursday morning in charge of two Pinkerton detectives. The detectives refused to state where they arrested the men, but it is thought they were either in Canada or some point west of Utica.

The Great Council of Red Men.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—The great council of the Improved Order of Red Men of the United States closed Friday. An appeal from the action of the council of Illinois was laid over until next session, pending an amicable adjustment. A resolution instructing the committee on revision of law to frame a law allowing states to organize state great councils of the degree of Pocahontas was passed.

Killed His Wife and Suicided.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Carrie Lenz, a German woman 25 years old, was fatally shot in the left lung at 44 Stanton street Thursday by a man named Rosenberg, who afterward shot himself in the head, dying almost instantly. Rosenberg said that he married the woman in Pittsburg five years ago and that they lived happily together until she became infatuated with a young grocery clerk in Brooklyn.

A COLD-BLOODED CRIME

Murder Caused by Jealousy at Grand Mound, Iowa.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SHOT DOWN.

John W. Bevan Calls on a Former Sweetheart Who Had Married Another Man, Shoots Her Dead and Is in Turn Filled Full of Holes by the Husband of the Woman—Other Deeds of a Criminal Nature.

GRAND MOUND, Iowa, Sept. 16.—John W. Bevan, of Chicago, shot Mrs. W. M. Langdon dead here Monday and was immediately killed by her husband, who surrendered to the local officers, and is now in the custody of the sheriff. Three years ago young Bevan and Miss Mollie Smith were attending school at Valparaiso, Ind. There they fell in love with each other and became engaged. Soon after they separated, Mollie going to her home at Madison, Wis., and Bevan to his home in Chicago. Mollie soon after transferred her affections to William Langdon, a man in her city, and not long ago they were married and came to this county. Bevan appeared here Monday morning and went to the house of a family named Twogood, where Langdon and his wife boarded. He rang the bell, and when Langdon appeared asked to speak to his wife.

A Dastardly Murder.

His successful rival knew of the former love affair and of threats made by Bevan since he was jilted and at first refused. He finally consented, however, and went up stairs and told his wife Bevan wanted to speak to her, at the same time going for his revolver, fearing trouble. As he was about to descend the stairs he heard three shots, and rushed down to see his wife lying with a bullet hole in her head and another in her neck. The third shot Bevan had directed against himself. Langdon rushed up to Bevan and emptied his revolver in his face and Bevan fell dead beside the body of his fair young victim. Langdon, almost crazed with grief over the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, carried her remains into the house, where vain efforts were made to revive her.

Langdon Gives Himself Up.

Both Mrs. Langdon and her murderer were 28 years of age. Mr. Langdon then gave himself up to the local officers, and was subsequently taken in charge by Sheriff Desmond. A coroner's inquest is being held, but no verdict will be returned until the post-mortem examination of the victims has been finished.

Mr. Langdon is a member of the firm of Langdon & Co., contractors, and has a contract for building the double track of the Chicago and Northwestern railway from Dewitt west to Cedar Rapids. Little is known of him except that he came here from St. Paul and that his parents in Chicago are said to be wealthy. Mrs. Langdon was a beautiful and accomplished young woman, and her death is deeply deplored.

Is Loaded for Bear.

OZARK, Mo., Sept. 16.—The town of Ava has been treated to an unusual spectacle. Prosecuting Attorney Watts has been walking about that quiet settlement armed to the teeth. A pair of murderous looking revolvers are strapped around his waist, and on his shoulder he carries a Winchester, and a hangman's rope and a bundle of switches were in his hand. The latter had been left at his house mysteriously. The life of Mr. Watts has been threatened by the friends of the Bald-Knobbers whom he has been engaged in prosecuting. He says that he will stay in Ava; that they may succeed in killing him, but can not drive him out of the place.

Will Try to Save Kiernan.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 16.—It is learned from one of the detectives who have been working on the New York Central train-wreckers' case that the whole fight when the wreckers are brought up for trial will be centered in an effort to save Kiernan. He said: "Kiernan was a shrewd fellow, and has been admitted to all the councils of the knights and knew all their secrets, while the other men were only the tools of Kiernan and acted under his instructions. All but Kiernan have, it has been learned from a reliable source, made written confessions which implicit the five men now in custody as being the wreckers."

Outrage at Lemont, Ills.

LEMONT, Ills., Sept. 16.—Two masked men entered the house of Timothy Carroll Monday night with drawn revolvers and ordered him and his family to throw up their hands and to turn over their money. Mr. Carroll attempted to resist, when they fired at him, striking him in the leg, and then beat him into insensibility. They secured $12 and fled.

A Murder at Seattle.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 16.—Monday night about midnight E. P. Murphy, clerk in Toklas, Singerman & Co.'s dry-goods store, shot and mortally wounded Charles Brown, another clerk in the same store, at the residence of the former. Brown made an insulting remark to Mrs. Murphy, when her husband drew a revolver and shot.

Had Been Drinking Heavily.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 16.—Laudanum ended the troubles of Curtis P. Upson, superintendent of the Pittsfield Street Railroad company, Monday. He had been drinking heavily of late, and was suspended for that reason. The disgrace was too much for him, and he committed suicide.

Suicide of a Cleveland Man.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 16.—Peter Gessner, a well known German resident of this city, committed suicide early Tuesday morning by cutting his throat with a small knife. Grief over the recent death of a favorite child caused him to become melancholy and partially lose his mind.

Strikers' Pickets Arrested.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Nine striking cigar makers acting as pickets were arrested Monday. The charge against them is that they violated a city ordinance in idling upon the streets.

Fred Pfeffer's Mother Dead.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Rosina Pfeffer, mother of Fred Pfeffer, the second baseman of the Chicago Players' club, died Monday morning at her home at Twenty-sixth street and Portland avenue. Until Sunday afternoon she was apparently in the best of health, but was stricken with paralysis.

AN IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

Annual Meeting of the Switchmens' Mutual Aid Association.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Nearly 200 delegates, representing nearly every railroad system in the United States and Canada, are here to participate in the annual convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America. In view of the numerous local strikes which have taken place in different parts of the country during the past year, and of the fact that the representatives of the grand lodge of the order participated in the recent conference of the federation of railroad employes at Terre Haute, and which declined to order out its employes in aid of the K. of L., the present convention is by all odds the most important ever held under the auspices of the order.

Run Down by Trains.

LIMA, Ohio, Sept. 15.—Saturday night at midnight a Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton switch engine with several cars in front of it ran over Dallas Carter at Hog Creek bridge and mangled him beyond recognition. Several cars were thrown from the track, crushing Charles Smith to death and fatally injuring Frank Miles.

AURORA, Ills., Sept. 15.—The fast train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy struck and killed a man by the name of Irwin Baker Saturday evening and seriously injured two others, all of whom were trying to drive across the track in front of the engine.

The President's Sunday at Cresson.

CRESSON, Pa., Sept. 15.—The president and his family attended the Episcopal services held in the Mountain house parlors Sunday morning. With the exception of brief walks during the remainder of the day the members of the president's household remained quietly in their pretty cottage. Saturday the day was enlivened by the visit of two Grand Army posts and the Veteran league of Altoona, Pa.—1,000 persons in all. A reception was held at which an address was presented to the president. Later he was serenaded and made a brief speech to the veterans.

Death of a Leading Prelate.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 15.—The Rev. William R. Miles, president of the Jesuits' college in this city, died of apoplexy at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon just after retiring from the pulpit at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. He was master of several tongues, and was regarded as the leader of the local clergy in eloquence and learning. He was a son of Gen. William R. Miles, who commanded Miles' legion in the Confederate army and was captured by Gen. Burke at Port Hudson in 1863.

Raised the Price of Pine Lumber.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 15.—The yellow pine lumber manufacturers, composing the Southern Yellow Pine Manufacturers' association, ended their convention Saturday. The report of the committee on prices was adopted with a few amendments, and raises the prices on all finishing lumber from 50 cents to $1.00 per 1,000 feet.

Fire at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Fire broke out at 6:15 Monday morning at Holmes' oil refinery at the Nickel Plate tracks and Seneca street, caused by the explosion of an oil still. The flames spread to a large tar tank and several small explosions occurred. Four employes were badly burned and two firemen severely scorched.

Death of Newton Case.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 15.—Newton Case, head of the Case, Lockwood & Brainard company, died Sunday night in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Case started in the printing business here in 1836. He was wealthy and had given much to the Hartford Theological seminary.

Three Persons Drowned.

YARNELL, Kan. Sept. 15.—Mrs. Dr. G. A. Coopeland, Mrs. G. F. Rose and her 9-year old son were drowned in South Pottowatomie river Sunday. It is supposed their buggy was overturned while fording the river. The bodies were recovered.

The World's Fair Commission.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—The national world's fair commission is in session in this city. The principal business in hand is the indorsement of the sites for the fair and the selection of a director general.

Half a block of buildings at Lynchburg, Va., were burned Sunday night. Loss, $150,000.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.

On the board of trade to-day quotation were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 September, opened $1.00¼, closed 97½c, December, opened $1.03¼, closed $1.01⅛; May, opened $1.07, closed $1.05¼. Corn—No. 2 September, opened 47c, closed 46⅝c; October, opened 47¼c, closed 47¼c; May, opened 51c, closed 49½c. Oats—No. 2 September, opened 37c, closed 36½c; October, opened 37c, closed 36⅜c; May, opened 40¾c, closed 39¼c. Pork—October, opened $11.00, closed $9.95; January, opened $12.00, closed $11.87½; May, opened $12.50, closed $12.52½. Lard—October, opened $6.25, closed $6.27½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards. Hogs—Market opened active and steady; later easier, with a decline of 5c, and packers buying slowly; light grades, $3.85@4.85; rough packing, $4.00@4.15; mixed lots, $4.10@4.70; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.30@4.75.

Produce: Butter—Fancy separator, 22@24c; fine gathered cream, 18@20c; fine to good imitations, 11@13c; dairies, finest fresh, 16@18c; No. 1 dairies, 14@17c; fresh packing stocks, 7½@9½c. Eggs—Fresh candled, loss off, 16@16½c per doz. Live poultry—Chickens, hens, 9c per lb; spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb; roosters, 5@5½c per lb; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c per lb; ducks, 8@8½c per lb; spring ducks, 9c per lb; geese, $5.00@5.80 per doz. Potatoes—New Jersey rose, $3.00@3.25, $1.00@1.20 per bu; Wisconsin, 70@75c per bu; choice, 90c per bu; Sweet potatoes, Baltimore, $3.00@3.50 per brl; Jersey, $4.25@4.75 per brl. Apples—Illinois green, cooking, $2.00@2.50 per brl; eating, $3.00@3.50. Huckleberries—$5.00@5.50 per 2-bu stand; $1.75@2.00 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5@6c per lb; whisk brush, 4@6c; green, self-working, 4@5c inside and covers, 3@4c; common brush, 2½@3½c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter cash, $1.04½@1.05; do October, $1.05; do December, $1.05¼. Corn—No. 2 mixed 54½@55½c cash; do October, 55¼c; do December, 54¾c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 mixed cash, 43@44c; do October, 43c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; family mess, $11.25@12.25. Lard—Quiet and unchanged.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market firm for all grades at an advance of 10c ₱ 100 lbs; poorest to best native steers, $3.30@5.25 ₱ 100 lbs; Texans, $3.00@3.25; bulls and dry cows, $2.00@2.35. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep firm; lambs ¼c ₱ lb higher; sheep, $4.00@5.60; lambs, $6.00@7.25. Hogs—Market firm; live hogs, $4.30@5.00 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—A. M. Palmer's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rice's Surprise Party.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The County Fair."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Herrmann.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hallen and Hart.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Beacon Lights."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Shepherd's Minstrels.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"A Bunch of Keys."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan ave., Madison Monroe and Adams streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays excepted.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

WHY ANGLO-AMERICANS DISLIKE THE IRISH.

When Irishmen sometimes ask in amazement and indignation, Why does so much prejudice exist against our race among Americans who ought to be our friends? the answer is not so hard to find as might be supposed. From the earliest period of England's ill-starred political connection with Ireland, her settled aim has been to destroy the character of the Irish people before the world. It is a long distance between the slanderous Geraldus Cambrensis, of the Norman period, and Rudyard Kipling of today. Each has done his appointed work in his own way, and the Anglo-Indian literary ruffian of our own day is not a whit less venomous in his hatred of Ireland and the Irish than the famous Gerald Barry who returned to "the vile dust from which he sprung" more than six centuries ago.

Unlike most other invaders and conquerors, the Anglo-Saxon-Norman combination in Ireland did not honestly seek to conciliate the native people. They did not want to conciliate them, because they were hungry for their broad acres. They found Ireland a most beautiful island, inhabited by Celtic septs, who possessed the land in common, and who were, at the period of the Norman invasion, about the only people of Europe who elected their own kings and chiefs. The Irish clansmen, all kindred to their chiefs, recognized the princely blood, but disdained to allow any imbecile to rule them simply because he was the next heir of a king dead or deposed. The O'Neill, for example, had to be a true O'Neill "by the right line of the blood," but the blood was not enough; his wisdom as a leader and his prowess as a warrior were always taken into account on the day of election. There is no account of the reign of a minor sovereign in Irish history, although every other country in Europe owned such monarchs. Every Irish king's hand was expected to be able to guard his head. The trouble was that, since King Brian died at Clontarf, there were too many kings, and every one of them considered himself as good, if not better, than his neighboring potentate.

Much evil grew out of this state of affairs, and the cunning Norman peers, who did everything in their power to destroy the male members of the leading Irish families, were not averse to cementing their titles to lands they had won by force through marrying the ladies of those families, many of whom, like Eva, daughter of MacMurrough, who married Strongbow, were not averse to linking their fortunes with the bold and unscrupulous strangers. Wherever the English conquerors penetrated, except, perhaps, in the case of the Desmond branch of the Geraldine family, the old Irish free for all custom was destroyed, and the system of the Irish tribe lands, the property of the common people as well as their kings, was supplanted by the Norman feudal system. English letters patent—certificates of robbery—confirmed the titles of the progenitors of the present race of Irish landlords to the lands which they had won, not by the plowshare but the sword.

In order to justify this wholesale method of plunder, and to give their cause, if such it may be called, a good color of justice, the English were obliged to slander their Irish victims. The infamous work begun by Gerald Barry was continued by Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakspeare. Every English historian, with the honorable exception of the late Prof. Green, author of the History of the English People, has sought zealously to blacken the character of the native Irish. Hume, Macaulay and Froude are notable examples of this fiendish spirit, while the works of such writers as Thackeray, Lever—the son of an Englishman—and this newest English fad, Rudyard Kipling, abound with evil flings at the unfortunate race. The Irishman of *Harper's Weekly* and the more infamous *Puck*, supposed to have been the original creations of Nast and Kepler, had their vile origin in the pages of the London *Punch*, and that other villainous caricature, "the stage Irishman," was surely born in the slums of London.

For generations alleged jokes of the English newspapers have been pointed by apocryphal "Irish bulls," and the Irishman has been held up to English readers as a combination of blackguard, ignoramus and buffoon. From the publication of highest merit in England, down to the trashiest novel, every writer has taken pains to shower contempt and odium on the Irish people.

America, with all its present commercial greatness and promise of an even grander destiny, is a partially crude country still as regards native ideas of men and things. We have heard much of "the common language, literature," *etcetera*, of England and this country. American orators and American poets have, with the inevitable flunkey spirit born of previous colonial provincialism, boasted that they inherited the works of a Shakspeare and a Milton, while American editors, otherwise worthy men enough, have accepted the English picture of the Irishman as gospel truth. Hence we find sneers, jokes, caricatures and soforth of the Irish scattered plentifully throughout this land. Travel where you may, stop where you will, hear any number of Americans in conversation, and, whether meant offensively or not, you will hear such phrases as "like the Irishman who did so and so" or "as the Irishman said," never, be it remarked, to the Irishman's credit.

When Catholics are assailed in America, Irishmen are chiefly meant. One would think, to hear some of our Anglo-American friends talk, that an Irish Catholic was essentially different in creed, or in practice, from any other kind of a Catholic. When Knownothing societies attack Catholicism, the Irish always occupy a prominent place in their remarks. The Germans, the French, the Italians, and the Poles are rarely mentioned—it is always "the Irish." England sowed her seed with skill, and Ireland is now reaping the bitter crop, as deadly to her, in a moral sense, as the fatal potato in the physical.

It is true that the Irish in America have done, with few exceptions, their "level best" as good citizens. No branch of the public service can deny that they have added to its lustre. The army, the navy, the bench, the bar, the forum, all acknowledge Irish valor, ability, learning, eloquence, and loyalty. Notwithstanding, we are, as a body, not liked by Anglo-Americans, many of whom have been nursed upon English prejudices. It is a common remark that it is fifty per cent off a man's chances in America to have been born in Ireland, especially if he is a Catholic and exhibits any devotion to the cause of liberty in his native country. If, on the other hand, he happens to be a Protestant, with an English name, or a Catholic who has embraced Protestantism, he is looked upon with more favor, and, by carefully refraining from identifying himself with Irish matters in any shape, he may eventually marry an American heiress, go to the Protestant church with her and drop a letter or two from his name, in order to Anglicize it. If his name is O'Brien, for instance, call it Obreeon or Bryant; or if MacMahon, MacMann; or if Doherty, Doty; or if O'Neill, Neal; or if Murphy, Murfree or Morphy; or if Shaughnessy, Chauncey; or if Hennessey, Hanecy; or if Mulcahey, Mulkay; or if Cahill, Cail; or if Dwyer, Dyer; or if Sullivan, Sullivant; or if MacDonough, Macdonna, or if Shanaghan, Shannon, and so on.

The dislike to the Irish in America is, in the opinion of THE CITIZEN, due mostly to the causes already stated, but a great deal of it is due also to the moral cowardice of a great many of the race, who fail to resent all insults levelled at them in a proper manner, and who confess their own weakness and meanness by changing creed or name to conciliate fools or bigots. If the Irish people respect themselves, remain true to their traditions, and stand by the American republic, in the future as in the past, no power on earth, whether religious or political, can prevent them from being the premier American element. The day will come in this country, when to be recognized as a Celto-American will be the highest honor that can be paid to a citizen. The Anglo-Saxon fad is rapidly going to pieces on this side of the Atlantic.

ARRESTED.

The delightful English government—"Artful Cecil" Salisbury and Bloody Balfour—has caused the arrest of Messrs. William O'Brien and John Dillon, on the charge of inciting tenants not to pay their rents. O'Brien was arrested at Glengariff and Dillon in Dublin. The object of Salisbury is patent—to prevent Dillon and O'Brien from coming to this country.

IRISHMEN IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.

The Irish Tommy Atkins is becoming rather scarce in the British army. A recent issue of the Dublin *Freeman* says: "The statistics of nationality in the army are more than usually significant this year, because of the further large reduction they show in the number of Irishmen who are now serving as soldiers. The proportion of Irishmen in the British army in 1870 was 284 to the 1,000, or a total of 47,151 out of the entire strength of 168,910 non commissioned officers and men. The proportion this year is only 145 to the 1,000, or 28,712 out of an entire effective strength of 199,473. There has been a gradual drop every year since 1870. In 1880 the number of Irishmen in the army was 38,359, or a falling off of 9,000 in ten years, while in the last decade the falling off was nearly 10,000. Strange to say the statistics of religion give quite different results. Thus in 1870 there were only 43,590 Catholics in the army, while the number of Irishmen was 47,151. Now, this year the number of Catholics in the army is 37 278, while the number of Irishmen is only 28,712. The deduction to be drawn from these figures is, first, that twenty years ago more Irish Protestants used to enlist in the army than now; and, secondly, that Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen who enlist in England are entered as Englishmen. There is another table in these army statistics which rather discounts some of Mr. Balfour's boasts about his success in restoring tranquility to Ireland. This table shows the number of soldiers stationed each year in Ireland from 1870. The number stationed this and last year in Ireland is the highest since 1871 (save for the year 1882, when the total was slightly higher). When Mr. Balfour assumed office in 1887 the number of soldiers in Ireland was 25,810. The number now is 26,296."

THE CITIZEN must add to the Irish army of occupation 13,500 armed constables—probably more efficient than the regulars; coast guards, pensioners, and the cadres of militia regiments 10,000, at least, which would make a total of 50,000 men holding Irish soil for England and the English. It seems, on the surface, quite an expensive style of government, but England would not go to the expense unless it paid her.

MISS MOLLIE O'BRIEN.

Miss Mollie O'Brien, daughter of the late Hon. W. W. O'Brien, has been appointed superintendent of the Peoria county public schools by Governor Fifer. It was a graceful act on the part of the governor. Miss O'Brien is a young lady of fine presence and of many accomplishments. She brings to the office much of the inherited ability of her distinguished father, and her appointment is a source of gratification to her many friends in this city and elsewhere.

IRISH-AMERICAN LAWYERS.

The Hon. Lawrence Harmon, of Peoria, Ill., one of the most famous lawyers in this country, has settled in this city, and has established his law offices in the United States Express Building, Nos. 87 and 89 Washington street. Mr. Harmon studied law with, and was for many years the partner of, the late Hon. W. W. O'Brien, celebrated as the most successful criminal lawyer who ever labored before a jury in this state. Mr. Harmon ably assisted Mr. O'Brien in most of the cases that have gone down into history as models of American jurisprudence. Individually, also, he conducted the side of the defense in a manner at once brilliant and successful in most of the Illinois circuits. But Mr. Harmon, together with being a criminal lawyer of the first class, is also a noted expert in civil cases, and he intends to deal mostly with that class of business. He will, undoubtedly, have a bright career in this great city.

The Chicago bar has been further enriched by the accession of the Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, circuit judge of Des Moines, Iowa, to its ranks. Judge Kavanagh has formed a partnership with the Hon. John Gibbons, and their offices are in the Reaper Block. The Judge's term of office will not expire until next January, but he has decided to resign in order to attend to important cases that have been placed in the hands of the firm.

It may be added that Mr. Harmon is but a little past 40, while Judge Kavanagh is in his 50th year.

Chicago can boast a splendid galaxy of Irish American lawyers. It would, in fact, be difficult to enumerate them all, but the following names will illustrate the fact: The Hon. Thomas A. Moran, judge of the appellate court; the Hon. Richard Clifford, judge of the circuit court; the Hon. Richard Prendergast, judge of the county court; the Hon. Thomas S. Cratty, the Hon. William J. Hynes, the Hon. Matthew P. Brady, the Hon. Lawrence Harmon, the Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, the Hon. John Gibbons, Mr. Alexander Sullivan, Mr. David Sullivan, Mr. P. McHugh, Mr. John A. Murphy, Jr., Mr. E. F. Dunne, Mr. William J. English, Senator Duncan, Mr. James O'Connell, Mr. Donahoe, Mr. Thomas McInerney, the Sullivan Bros., Lawrence P. Boyle, Edward Maher, and many others of the older school. Of the younger element, Mr. John A. Qualey, Mr. James McInerney, Mr. Kickham Scanlan, and several more have already distinguished themselves, and others are swelling the ranks every day.

DICK O'BRIEN AND MR. WETTIN.

A Montreal reporter, by name Richard O'Brien, is in duress charged with having libeled the young English party known as "Prince George of Wales," who recently snubbed Ward McAllister and Newport snob "society." O'Brien, through the Associated Press, sent forth what the reporters call "a fake" (*anglice* a lie) to the effect that his mamma's royal "Georgy" had been arrested in Montreal for participating in a street fight. Georgy, it appears, is not that kind of a fellow. He has too much respect for his bloody h'yes, you know. So O'Brien is arrested, and is liable to be punished. Georgy Wales does not want to imitate his remote relative, Henry V, the gallant victor of Agincourt. There is a great difference between a Plantagenet and a Wettin, which latter is the surname of Prince Georgy. But the poor devil, Dick O'Brien, is in prison for practising a very old English trick. It has been the English custom for ages, to lie about the Irish, and no Englishman—not even Froude—was ever punished for it. But when the Irish begin to lie about the English, then look out. THE CITIZEN is not favorable to liars of any race, but, if Dick O'Brien suffers, it will be a result of his inveterate English education. Had he been an American reporter, he would not have told a lie, or else, having told it, he would have made the whole world believe it was gospel truth.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

The Republicans of Chicago and Cook County met in convention at Battery D hall last Saturday, and placed the following ticket in the field:

For Sheriff.....James H. Gilbert
For Treasurer.....Louis Hutt
For County Clerk.....Henry Wulff
For Probate Court Clerk.....T. W. Sennott
For Criminal Court Clerk.....P. A. Sundelius
Superintendent of Schools.....A. G. Lane
County Judge.....Edward Maher
Probate Judge.....C. C. Kohlsaat
Superior Court Judges.....Farlin Q. Ball, T. Brentano
Prest. County Board.....Lewis P. Harvey, (Thirty-second Ward)

COMMISSIONERS, CITY DISTRICT.

Third Ward.....Eli Smith
Fifth Ward.....Daniel Keefe
Seventh Ward.....Valentine Kopf
Eleventh Ward.....Jefferson L. Fulton
Fourteenth Ward.....John Biegen
Twelfth Ward.....W. H. Durant
Seventeenth Ward.....James Conroyd
Twentieth Ward.....Charles Griebenow
Twenty-second Ward.....M. Umbdenstock
Thirty-second Ward.....Lewis P. Harvey

COMMISSIONERS, COUNTY DISTRICT.

Bremen.....Nelson A. Cool
Oak Park.....O. D. Allen
Northfield.....Fred. N. Hoffman
Hanover.....George Struckman
Blue Island.....J. M. Green

The Democratic county convention will be held, it is stated, about the end of this month.

THE single port of Waterford, Ireland, exported to Europe during one week of last month the following: Bacon, 4,741 bales; butter, 8,133 firkins; lard, 539 cwt; hams, 41 casks; oats, 277 barrels; barley, 135 barrels; eggs, 513 cases; poultry, 111 packages; fish, 33 boxes; porter, 1,051 casks; cattle, 1,053; pigs, 433; sheep, 1,318; horses, 63. And yet, because the single crop of potatoes is rotten, the Irish people are threatened with famine!

OLD Marshal MacMahon, at 83, is as stalwart as when he was 45. He has discontinued wearing his Italian decorations, owing to the bad feeling now existing between France and Italy. The Marshal thinks Italy ungrateful.

QUITE a storm has been raised among the German-Americans of Pennsylvania, because of the action of an American Knownothing society in pulling down, and insulting, the German national flag during a labor parade in Pittsburg. The flag was carried with that of the United States, and several German veterans of the Union army were in the procession. The act of the Knownothings—United Order of Mechanics they call themselves—was mean and ungrateful. THE CITIZEN thinks that an examination of their muster roll would show very few genuine Americans. It is safe to say that if the flag had been a British one it would not have been interfered with. If it had been an Irish one, the United Order of Mechanics would have been kept busy uniting their broken skulls ever since.

MATRIMONIAL.

DOODY-M'GOURTY.

On Tuesday morning last, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Jeremiah W. Doody, a popular young Irish-American of this city, and Miss Ellen McGourty, of Elwood, Will county, Ill., were married at Washington, Ill. After breakfast with a select party of friends at the beautiful residence of the bride's parents, the happy couple returned to Chicago, where, at their future elegant home, No. 3741 Butterfield street, a sumptuous dinner was prepared in honor of the joyous event. Mr. Doody's numerous friends and fellow associates in the employ of the Chicago City Railway Company, wish him and his charming bride long life and prosperity, together with all the happiness and joy which the married state can afford.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

MISTOOK A WINDOW FOR A DOOR.

Michael Egan, belonging to Shannon Bridge, King's county, went through the window of a first floor room of an emigrants' lodging house, Queenstown, and falling a height of over twenty feet down on the street, sustained injuries to his head which necessitated his removal to the general hospital.

SEVERELY INJURED.

The six men at present in custody, charged with being participators in the attack on the police in Athy, were brought before the Petty Sessions on remand. District Inspector Crane applied for a further remand for eight days, on the ground that the injured constable was not able to attend. The defendants were admitted to bail.

WILLY KNOWS A THING OR TWO.

The Marquis of Salisbury has resorted to a singular method of proceeding against Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., for his costs in the action of O'Brien v. Salisbury. As Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon, M. P., were returning from Thurles after their visit to the Archbishop of Cashel, a man jumped into the first class compartment in which they were travelling. He produced a folded blue paper, and said, "Mr. O'Brien, I am told to ask you to read this letter." Mr. O'Brien declined to receive the paper, which fell on the ground, and told the man it was a piece of gross misconduct to have acted as he did in presence of a lady, when those who sent him knew very well where to find him if they wanted him. He promised also that he would ask the railway officials to see whether he was travelling with a first-class ticket. The man stated that he was, and offered to show his ticket, whereupon he said, "I have now, Mr. O'Brien, to demand payment from you of £1,600 on the part of the Marquis of Salisbury; that is my duty." Mr. O'Brien replied: "I am not sure that it is not my duty to hand you over to the police for an impudent attempt at highway robbery—you, a perfect stranger, for attempting to accost me in this manner." The train having now arrived at the platform the Emergencyman disappeared, but the railway officials having, at Mr. O'Brien's request, followed him, discovered that he had been travelling on a third-class ticket. They declared, however, that, not having themselves caught him in a first-class compartment, they were not in a position to prosecute him. It is understood that the notice is the first step in proceedings in bankruptcy against Mr. O'Brien.

ONE BY ONE THE ROSES FALL.

Emergency "planters" in Meath have found that the business does not pay, and are giving up the farms one by one.

A PROSPEROUS UNION.

At their weekly meeting the Athy Board of Guardians reduced the clerk's estimate of rates by 4d. in the pound in every electoral division where the estimate exceeded 1s. in the pound, and 2d. where the estimate was under 1s. in the pound. The estimate was the lowest made for many years past, but there is nearly £3,000 to the credit of the board in bank.

RESCUE FROM DROWNING.

A young gentleman named Wall, of Freshford, county Kilkenny, had a narrow escape from drowning while bathing in Kingstown harbor. He went out too far, and, becoming exhausted, was in a dangerous position when Mr. M'Caffrey, of Blackrock, jumped into the water, and succeeded in bringing the drowning man ashore.

A BAD BREED.

The Tory majority at the last meeting of the Carlow Board of Guardians passed their annual resolution disfranchising a large number of the poor people who might prove their opponents as voters at the spring elections next year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. A. O'Brien, P. L. G., Killeigh, Blackwater, county Wexford, whose youngest daughter met her death in a strange manner. The girl was driving in a donkey's car which overturned and she was killed.

Two men, Gleeson, the steward, and Shanahan, the gardener of Mr. Twiss, of Birdhill, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat while fishing in the Shannon on Aug. 24.

An inmate of the Enniscorthy lunatic asylum, named Flynn, evading the vigilance of the attendant, jumped out of one of the top windows of the building, and died in a few hours after.

The first sample of this season's new oats (white) offered in Dundalk market, on the 21st ult., by Mr. Butler, of Dromard, was bought by Mr. N. Hardy, Dundalk, at 11s. 6d.

MUNSTER.

LOST THEIR GRIP.

A second batch of Mr. Smith-Barry's Cashel tenants were evicted recently. The evicted tenants are Messrs. William English, Windmill; James Ryan, Manadreka; Patrick Fogarty, Thurlesbeg; Patrick Maher, "Fort," and Matthew Kinane.

A SHADOW "EXPOSED."

Although the authorities were fully aware that the usual fortnightly meeting of the "suppressed" Dungarvan branch of the League would not be held till that day week, still the officers of the League were shadowed wherever they went on Sunday, Aug. 24. About mid-day Mr. O'Shea, the secretary, went into a house in Nicholas street, when one of the policemen engaged on shadowing duty scaled the wall of the garden at the rear. The secretary having transacted his business left the house and proceeded quickly into the adjoining street. The "shadow" who peered over the wall endeavored to get back quickly, but a sharp pointed stone caught in part of his unmentionables and kept him hanging up, to the delight of a crowd of urchins and old women who had assembled to witness the sport. After considerable kicking and shouting the stuff in the pants gave way, and the unfortunate policeman was landed on his face in the mud. His companion, who had up to this time been prevented from rendering assistance by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, now came to the rescue, and tenderly assisted the fallen hero to rise, when lo! a sight presented itself which made the old women and children scamper off laughing and shouting. The constable's linen, as a flag of truce, waved in the breeze, bearing ample testimony that the material of the peeler's inexpressibles was of the worst English shoddy, and consequently unable to bear the strain of an escapade "over the garden wall." After several ineffectual attempts to unite the torn parts with pins the disabled "shadow" was obliged to walk to the barrack, his two comrades marching one before and the other behind in Indian file by way of clothing his nakedness.

FADING AWAY LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

The Waterford Artillery Militia is about being amalgamated with the "Clares." The former body could not, it appears, keep up its strength and there are only a few Waterford men in it at present. All the officers who had any means have left it, and it is gradually wasting away.

PETTY SESSIONS HUMOR.

At Limerick, the other day, a farmer named Foley was charged by Constable Heatley with ill-using a mule.

Mr. Moran (solr)—Mr. Foley never had a mule or a jennet at all on the occasion.

Constable Heatley—It was a mule, your worships.

Mr. Moran—Oh, I think you must have made an ass of yourself on this occasion, constable.

Bridget Higgins, servant, having been sworn, said it was an ass.

Mr. Moran—Well, now, constable, you deserve promotion after that.

Bridget Higgins—So you were blind there, constable ((laughter).

In reply to Mr. Moran, Bridget Higgins said she was with Mr. Foley for the last four years, and never drove a mule or a jennet for him.

Constable (to Bridget Higgins)—Do you remember speaking to me?

Witness—I do well, and you were makfool of yourself (laughter).

Mr. Moran (to the bench)—Do you hear the girl state that the ass had a foal with her.

Mr. Ryan—She does not say the ass had a foal with her, but she says the constable was a fool (great laughter.)

Mr. Ryan said the magistrates had heard enough of the case, and decided on dismissing it.

THEY ARE GETTING LAZY.

A fortnight ago the Royal Irish sign over the Albert Barracks, Clonmel, was taken away, and the vigilant policemen heard or saw nothing more about it until they found it this week hanging from a lamp post in Gladstone street.

BALFOUR HATES "FINE ART."

A Cork correspondent writes that Mr. Griffin, of Ballinadee, was released after five months' imprisonment under the Coercion Act for exhibiting a cartoon of *United Ireland* in his window.

MUST KEEP THE PEACE FOR A YEAR.

At the Farran Petty Sessions, before Mr. Orpen and Dr. Taylor, Jeremiah Corcoran, for shooting at whom Captain R. T. Rye, D.L., J.P., of Ryecourt, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at the summer assizes, was prosecuted, at the suit of Captain Rye, for trespassing on his demesne on Aug. 19. He was fined 10s and 10s costs, and on a charge of threatening Captain Rye's gamekeeper he was bound to the peace for twelve months, or in default ordered to be imprisoned for two months.

SHOOTING IN CLARE.

Patrick Hallinan, herdsman, was shot at Tierna, within two miles of the village of Ruan and six from Ennis. His wounds are expected to result fatally. Hallinan for six years past has been herding a large farm from which the tenant, Robert O'Brien, had been evicted for arrears of rent by the owner, Philip A. Dwyer, New Park, Ennis. While Hallinan was going to the meadow to save hay he was met by two disguised men, who were lying in wait in an old house. They fired, and two shots took effect. The five young men named Denis and James Cooney, Cornelius Howard, John Hurst or Hearne, and Michael Moloney, who were arrested on the 23d of August last on suspicion of being concerned in the shooting outrage on James Donnellan and his father, John Donnellan, on the night of the 5th or morning of the 6th of August, 1890, at Thome, were brought up in custody at Tulla, before Captain Henry Keogh, R.M. The case was further adjourned.

HOMICIDE.

A farmer named Nicholas Madden, aged about sixty, residing at Gurtaralla, near Doon, in the east of county Limerick, died from the effects of injuries he received recently. Deceased resided on a farm of some sixty acres with his three brothers—John, James, and Patrick Madden. Some unpleasantness is said to have existed between the brothers in reference to the division of the farm, and at the last Limerick Assizes one of them, Patrick Madden, was tried on a charge of presenting a revolver at deceased. On inquiry being instituted, it was found that two of deceased's brothers, John and James, had left the place. Deceased remained unconscious up to his death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Private Collins, of the Fusiliers, shot himself at Tralee depot. He had been reduced from color-sergeant for misappropriating money.

A man named Daly is in custody at Waterford for the alleged murder of his mother-in-law named Margaret Lonergan.

A farmer, named Patrick Hartigan, residing at Cahershaughnessy, near Spancilhill, four miles from Ennis, was arrested on suspicion of being the man who fired a shot at Patrick Hallinan at Tiernea. He was brought up before Hallinan, and was identified by the wounded man as being the man who fired the shot. The prisoner was then detained in custody.

The threatened strike among the bakers of Fermoy has been averted, the employers having acceded to the demands of the men, which are as follows: Day work to be substituted for night work, and the men to be paid 30s. per week for foremen,

26s. per week for under hands; jobbing men, under hands, to be paid 5s. per day, and foremen 6s. per day, and that the men be not required to work with apprentices or non union men.

The Listowel water works are now in active progress.

The plasterers of Tralee have struck for a Saturday half holiday.

The annual sports of the County Kerry Amateur Athletic and Cricket Club came off in the club grounds, Tralee, and were favored with glorious weather. The attendance was large.

At a meeting of the Clonmel corporation the Mayor, Alderman T. J. Condon, M.P., presiding, a report was read from the Waterworks Committee approving of a scheme for providing Clonmel with a high pressure water supply at a cost of £14,000.

The Very Rev. Canon Griffin, of Mill street, is seriously ill.

Over 100 bakers struck work at Cork on the 23d ult., on account of the refusal of their demand for the abolition of night work.

John Moylan, for a number of years superintendent of the Tralee Market, has retired on a pension, from the Incorporated Merchants, and has been replaced by Mr. Patrick Rael, first clerk.

Constable Timothy Buckley, who was awarded £500 at the spring assizes this year for having been maliciously injured in Rock street, Tralee, while in the discharge of his duty, on Aug. 11, 1889, has received a Treasury check for the full amount.

Mr. Ludwig, the great Irish baritone of world wide fame, has been "starring" it in Tralee and Killarney lately.

A Kilrush correspondent reports the drowning, at Kilkee, of Miss Stokes, a hotel proprietress of Fethard, Tipperary, while bathing.

CONNACHT.

LIBEL ACTION.

Michael Cunningham, an auctioneer in Boyle, having brought an action for alleged libel, with damages laid at £500, against Messrs. S. W. Jackson and Lawrence, local town commissioners, the lord chief justice remitted it from the superior courts for trial in the locality. The defendants averred that the alleged libel consisted of a notice of motion given at a meeting of the town commissioners for the removal of plaintiff from the office of borough clerk, in order to save the ratepayers the expense of paying for an officer who had nothing to do.

AN ADDITIONAL GRANT.

It is rumored on good authority that the government has granted an additional £15,000 towards the Galway & Clifden railway.

RAILWAY PROJECTS IN MAYO.

Awaiting the formal sanction of the grand jury in November next for the railway from Ballina to Killala which is to be constructed out of the government free grant, the Midland Company cannot take any steps to immediately start work, but their engineers have been engaged in surveying the district, so that the necessary preliminary details may be arranged as far as possible. Local committees have been formed to push on the projected line of railway from Coolraney to Claremorris via Swinford, Charleston, and Killeagh. It is thought that Mr. Jackson, the financial secretary, will visit the Erris district before he returns to London.

STONE CANNON BALLS.

Some time ago, during the excavations at Shannon Bridge for improvements, a canoe scooped out of an Irish oak tree was found in the neighborhood of Lough Allen. What seemed to be paddles, of the same wood, were also found close by. Within the past few weeks two cannon balls of stone were also discovered.

FINED FOR TRESPASS.

On the 26th ult. Mr. John Roche, M.P., was summoned on behalf of the Marquis of Clanricarde, for trespass in pursuit of game, before Mr. Lewis, J.P., and Messrs. Paul and Berry, at Woodford. The tenant of the land on which Mr. Roche was found was produced, and swore that he had authorized him to shoot hares and rabbits on the land; but as the permission was verbal, and not in writing, Mr. Roche was fined the nominal penalty of one pound.

SECURED SEVERAL PRIZES.

At the recent examinations in the Stonehurst College, Mr. H. Screopo, son of the manager of the National Bank, Ballina, took third place in the ordinary course of rhetoric and carried off the much coveted Lomax prize of £20 in the honors course; while he also got second place of first division in the matriculation for the London University, where he intends pursuing his higher studies.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The Bishop of Galway has appointed Rev. M. Davoren, late of the Irish College, Paris, to be C.C. at Rahoon. He replaces Rev. John McCarthy, C. C., who is going to the Australian mission, and will be attached to the archdiocese of Melbourne.

MEXICAN VISITORS.

Mr. Daniel Milmoe, accompanied by a son and daughter of his brother, Don Patrizio Milmoe, the famous Mexican millionaire, arrived in Sligo on Aug. 23, as guests of Mr. Milmoe's brother-in-law, the mayor of Sligo.

HARVEST PROSPECT.

The harvest prospect about Strokestown is a gloomy one. The blight has destroyed to a very considerable extent the potato crop in moor and upland.

ULSTER.

A MAN'S HEAD CUT OFF.

A sad accident occurred on the Derry Central Railway, a short distance from Maghera Station, whereby a milesman working on the line, named James Geady, lost his life.

O'DONNELL'S CASTLE.

The members of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland arrived at Donegal to inspect the ruins of Donegal Castle and the Franciscan Monastery. The visitors were received by the Very Rev. Hugh M'Fadden, P.P.; Dr. Warnock, J.P.; Mr. P. M. Gallagher, solicitor, and Mr. J. Boyce. A very large number of photographs of the castle, abbey, and bay were taken by amateur photographers amongst the party. Papers descriptive of the history of the castle and abbey, written by Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., were read (in the unavoidable absence of the writer) by Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, P.P., Ardfert, county Kerry. A very lively discussion arose over an opinion expressed by Father Murphy in his paper that the present building was not the original castle of the O'Donnells, but was of more modern construction, and that the original castle stood on a different site. Mr. J. Boyce, the best local authority, said that was pure fiction. Father Healey, P.P., Johnstown, county Kildare, said he was positive that portion of the building they were then standing in was built so long ago as the fourteenth century. The architecture of the building was then inspected minutely by the entire party, and the conclusion unanimously arrived at that it was the original castle of the O'Donnells, and that there could be no possible foundation for any other theory.

FOOLING THE DEVIL.

Recent inquiries show that in certain parts of Ulster methylated ether is still largely used in substitution for whisky. The practice is believed to have originated during the phenomenally successful teetotal movement inaugurated in the first quarter of the present century by Father Mathew. Persons who had taken the pledge of total abstinence from whisky discovered that without violating their consciences they could, by the use of ether, still indulge in the habit of intoxication. The secret gradually leaked out, the mischievous custom rapidly spread, and it has now, in particular districts, become confirmed. A medical correspondent affirms that the spirit referred to is very largely used in South Derry, particularly in the localities of Draperstown, Tobermore, and Maghera. It is sold by grocers, etc., principally to women, who retail it through the country. It is called into requisition frequently at balls, lodge meetings, etc., when the public houses are closed or the drink runs short. The intoxicating effects come on speedily, and pass away with equal rapidity, so that one can get drunk and sober several times in the course of an afternoon and evening. This is one of its charms, another being its cheapness. The atmosphere of Maghera, Draperstown, etc., on a fair day is polluted with the smell of it, so that you can scarcely escape it anywhere.

DROWNING ACCIDENT.

A lamentable case of drowning occurred in Sheephaven Bay, Dunfanaghy. As a number of fishing corraghs were returning from the fishing grounds around Horn Head, while crossing the bar about a mile and a half from Dunfanaghy, a large wave struck, and breaking against the frail skiff almost filled it with water, precipitating William Greer, Dunfanaghy, into the water. John Greer, the only other occupant of the corragh, managed to get hold of his brother William's leg, which he held until another corragh came up, when Jack Robinson, one of its occupants, assisted him to get the drowning man into the corragh, when life was found to be extinct.

COULD NOT LIVE ANY LONGER.

A terrible tragedy took place recently at Knockboy, near Ballymena, the victim being a young woman named Bella Anderson. It appears that on the 26th of August Miss Anderson was missed from the house of her employer, Mr. D. Russell, Knockboy, to whom she acted as housemaid, and on another servant named Annie Magilton going to the young woman's chamber a note was discovered on the dressing table to the effect that by the time her mother received it the writer would be no more. The girl added: "I am sorry for breaking my mother's heart, but I cannot live any longer." The police were informed of the mysterious affair. The river Braid was dragged for two days and nights, until the dead body of the deceased girl was found at a crossing ford, lying face downwards in about three feet of water. She was attired in her ordinary house dress, and without shawl, hat, or jacket. Various conjectures are hazarded regarding the cause of the girl's death, and one of those is that her case was one of unrequited love.

ORANGEMEN TO BE WATCHED.

The government have decided, in response to a memorial recently presented to the Lord Lieutenant by the Catholics of the city, to establish a police barrack on the Queen's Island, near Messrs. Harland and Wolff's ship-building works.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

A CHICAGO PRIEST IN SLIGO.

The Very Rev. Denis A. Tighe, of Chicago, preached recently in the Cathedral, Sligo, in aid of the poor relieved by the Sisters of Mercy. In the course of an eloquent sermon he said: Here in this land in which he had the honor to be born the church had permitted her children to be hunted to death or to exile, her beautiful churches and monasteries razed to the ground, and her altars broken up and destroyed, sooner than give up the faith which had been received from St. Patrick. Their countrymen had gone over the face of the earth to the most distant lands carrying that faith with them; the blood of the martyrs had fructified a thousand fold; so that in America the Catholic church was as powerful and as faithful to God and His commandments as was their Catholic church at home. This was owing to its state of neutrality. The church is not interfered with, neither is she protected, and that is the state which appears most congenial to her, and it is precisely the state in which she exists in America. He would show them what progress the church had made in America within the last fifty years. Fifty years ago they had only a few thousand members in America and scarcely any schools. Now they had in America a cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic church, they had eighteen archbishops, sixty-nine bishops, 7,500 priests, 9,000 churches, 940 colleges, seminaries, and academies, thousands of Christian Brothers and Sisters of teaching orders, 310 asylums, 190 hospitals, 3,500 Christian schools, 68,300 children attending school, and her Catholic population is shown to be not far from twelve millions, three times as many as they had in Ireland altogether.

SOLEMN SERVICES.

A solemn anniversary service was held in St. Eugene's Cathedral, in Derry, to commemorate the late Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, bishop of the diocese of Derry. The ceremonies consisted of Solemn Office for the Dead, pontifical high mass, and absolution. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty was the celebrant of the mass, and was assisted by Rev. J. Doherty, Adm.; Rev. Hugh McMenamim, deacon; Rev. J. Hassan, sub deacon, and Very Rev. Prof. O'Brien, master of ceremonies.

FATHER LYONS.

After a sojourn abroad Father Lyons, P.P., has returned to Castlebar. Father Lyons and the Very Rev. Dr. Kilkenny accompanied his Grace the Archbishop, who has returned to the Palace, Tuam.

PETER'S PENCE.

The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, in a pastoral in which he announces his intention of paying a visit to his Holiness the Pope during the autumn, speaks in scathing terms of the work of the sacrilegious plunderers by whom the Holy Father has been despoiled and treated as a closely watched prisoner. Referring to the Peter's Pence collection, his Lordship said: I know, dearly beloved, that your generosity far exceeds your means; and that, just now, your circumstances are exceptionally limited. I know, too, that you will have scores of greedy applications for large shares of the good gifts with which providence may bless you in the coming harvest. The landlord will demand his share in the form of rent, and perhaps arrears of rent; the government will demand its share in the shape of tribute and of taxes; but the sovereign proprietary rights of God over what is purely and exclusively His own free gift, are infinitely superior to theirs, and He will demand his tribute of you in the form of a contribution to the sovereign pontiff."

Mr. Michael Griffin, who was for fifty-four years clerk and sacristan of St. Finnbarr's, Cork, died recently.

Rev. Dr. Kilkenny, P P., Claremorris, has returned after an absence of some time on the Continent, where he was sojourning for the recovery of his health. On his arrival the reverend gentleman was waited on by a large number of his parishioners, who presented him with an address of welcome. The Rev. Dr. Kilkenny, since his advent to the parish of Claremorris, has endeared himself to the people of all classes by his kindly solicitude for their welfare. The town was brilliantly illuminated at night.

We understand, says the Limerick *Leader*, that the people of Limerick will be treated to some powerful dramatic and musical entertainments at the Theatre Royal on the 6th and 7th of November. The object for which they will be given is to pay off the debts hanging over the Augustinian church, which amounts to nearly £600, and were incurred by the decoration of the church, the erection of the new organ, and new benches, which have added so much to the beauty and comfort of the building.

There has just been cast at the well known foundry of Mr. John Murphy, No. 14 Thomas street, Dublin (now owned by Mr. Martin McDonnell, Dunmore, Galway), a magnificent bell, weighing 22 cwt, composed of the purest copper and block tin, and in the tone of E natural, which at the proper time will be elevated to its position in the new Catholic church at Dolphin's Barn. The bell is the munificent gift to the church of a parishioner, Mr. Lawrence J. Byrne, of Glenmalure, Rialto Bridge. The cost of the bell was £145.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Condon, of the Jesuit church, has gone to Europe on a business trip.

The Rev. Father Muldoon, chancellor of this archdiocese, is visiting relatives and friends in Rhode Island.

The Rev. Father J. B. New, the well known missionary of the Redemptorist order, has established his headquarters at St. Michael's church.

The Rev. Father Techeider, S. J., will celebrate his golden jubilee in the Sacred Heart church on Saturday, Oct. 4.

The Catholic Visitation and Aid Society held its annual election last week and selected the following directors: James Barnett, P. F. Gillespie, Rose A. McCabe, A. J. Cronin, Thomas Breen, Dr. Ryan, J. J. Barnes, F. W. Young, Anna Murtha, Polly Kern, Mary Kearns, Mary Hummelshine, J. J. Collins, D. F. Bremner, Thomas A. Moran, and E. E. S. Eagle.

ORDINATION OF A PRIEST.

Last Saturday week, at the Holy Name Cathedral, Rev. John W. Melody was ordained to the sacred priesthood. After the ceremony the young priest bestowed his blessing upon the many friends who had come from all parts of the city to witness the impressive scene. On Sunday last he celebrated his first mass at St. James' church, in whose sanctuary his had been a familiar figure from early childhood. Father Melody's parents are well known in the Catholic society of Chicago, and congratulations poured in upon them from all sides on the happy occasion of the ordination of their son. During the latter's seven years' classical course at St. Ignatius college in this city, and his subsequent five years' course at the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Baltimore, the young priest's career has been a source of much just pride to both relatives and friends. During the coming year Father Melody will attend the Catholic university in Washington. It is the ardent hope of his numberless friends that as in the past the seal of success will be laid upon his zealous labors and one more added to the list of our brilliant priests. The young clergyman received the gold medal on his graduation from St. Ignatius college of Chicago. His father is Thomas R. Melody, the popular accountant and auditor of the Postoffice.

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THOMAS DAVIS.

BY MARY A. FORD (UNA).

[A movement is at present on foot in Ireland to erect a monument to Davis as a tribute from a grateful people.]

O pure and glorious patriot soul,
In Erin's hallowed mold
Thy great and gen'rous heart
Is resting, calm and cold;
But still thy chainless spirit breathes
In every passing gale
That fans the brows of slaves that bow
In mourning Innisfail.

Though empires crumble into dust
As age on age goes by,
The memory of a life like thine
Can neither fade nor die;
Thy life within its mighty grasp
The universe could span,
Its daily worship—boundless love
For crushed and fallen man.

Like mountain torrents bold and free
Thy numbers leap along;
Cold, cold must be the Irish heart
That thrills not at thy song;
And truthfully did Erin read
In every glowing word,
The hand that held that breathing pen
For her would wield the sword.

Strong love of land, a vestal flame,
Burned in thy dauntless eye;
Thy noble brow bespoke a mind
Whose aims were pure and high;
Alas! that o'er that brow so soon
The cypress bough should wave!
Oh! bitter tears did Erin shed
Above thy early grave.

Among her worshipped heroes thou
Shalt ever foremost stand;
When Freedom's flashing sun shall blaze
Above our rescued land,
She'll pause amid her triumph's o'er
Thy blighted hopes to sigh;
While her eternal mountains stand
Thy memory shall not die.

Though now thy bounding heart is cold,
Thy fearless spirit flown,
Unnumbered souls have caught the flame,
That burned within thy own—
Borne up through heaven's aisle, thou'lt hear
A shout of triumph ring,
When Ireland bows to God alone
And owns no other king.

—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB RECEPTION.

The Irish American Club threw open its doors for the social season Wednesday night and the rooms were thronged. The following programme was rendered: Duet, "Rigoletto," Miss Beynom and A. C. Kane; solo, "Carmen," A. C. Kane; solo, "Traviata," Miss Beynom; quartet, "Rigoletto," Miss Hattie Beynom, Miss Marty Barrett, A. C. Kane and G. Hollbom. All the performers were heartily applauded. At the conclusion of the programme dancing was indulged in and kept up until early morning. The following were among those present: Messrs. M. B. Hereley, P. Cavanagh, J. J. Fitzgibbon, John M. Carroll, John B. Lynch, E. F. Dunne, M. J. Keane, John A. Murphy, Jr., William Fogarty, P. McHugh, Michael Finerty, Denver, Col.; Thomas Reilly, Omaha, Neb.; Capt. James E. Bourke, N. J. Neary, Daniel Gallery; Misses Maggie Murphy, Julia Murphy, Sarah V. Ryan, Annie O'Brien, Stella Hennessy; Messrs. James Doyle, Charles E. Kelly, E. H. Roche, William Weadley D. V. Gallery, W. H. Lyman, Joseph J. Duffy, John B. Heaney, John F. Finerty and many others. Nearly all the gentlemen were accompanied by ladies, and the affair was a pronounced social success.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Andrew Doyle, a well-known young lawyer, was married to Miss Mary Gertrude Edwards, daughter of Mr. William J. Edwards, at St. Jarlath's church, on Wednesday evening. The Rev. Father Cox performed the nuptial ceremony. The groom was attended by Mr. John Mason Duffy, and the bride by Miss Katherine Welsh. The ushers were Messrs. Charles B. Moore, Thomas E. Rooney, and Maurice St. P. Thomas. Miss Mary Barrett presided at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, who have gone east on a wedding trip, will be at home to their friends, at No. 758 Warren avenue, after Oct. 15.

The Hon. William J. Hynes, of this city, and Mrs. Hynes returned from their European tour last week.

The Rev. Father Conway, the distinguished editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, passed through the city recently.

Mr. Michael Finerty, a leading citizen of Denver, Col., was in the city during the week, and was the guest of the Irish-American Club on Wednesday evening. Mr. Finerty's children are being educated at Notre Dame, Ind.

Messrs. John F. Coad and Thomas Reilly, capitalists, of Omaha, were in the city this week. Both gentlemen, it is said, have a close eye on the real estate market.

There were a great many very pretty ladies at the literary and musical entertainment of the Irish-American Club on Wednesday evening.

Capt. James E. Bourke has returned from a prolonged business trip in the far west.

An Ungratified Taste for Horse Flesh.

At New Ross petty session Michael Turner sued Patrick Byrne, Cusheenstown, farmer, for 21s, balance of wages. Complainant got upon the table, and on being handed the book, looked at it, turned it in his hand, and was walking off the table, when the clerk asked him where he was going. "Arn't you giving me this?" queried the complainant. "No, my boy," answered the clerk, "you must be sworn," after which complainant stated that he hired with the defendant for twelve months at £9; he hired on May 15, and went to work; the agreement was, that he was to follow the horses, but he was not allowed to do so, and on asking the mistress what was the reason he would not be allowed to follow the horses, was told that "a crooked cake makes a straight belly"; he then gave a month's notice, and now sought to recover the balance, 21s. Decree.

Football and Hurling.

A great football match, under Gaelic athletic rules, will be played at Wanderers' Park, Indiana avenue and 37th street, tomorrow (Sunday, Sept. 21) afternoon at 3 o'clock. The contestants will be the Davitt and Innisfail clubs. There will also be an exhibition of the noble game of hurling, and a tug of war. Admission 25 cents. The managers of the games say that certain daily papers greatly exaggerated the trifling dispute of last Sunday.

A SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac" Reaches a Second Edition Within the Space of Four Months!

Complimentary Comments by the American, British and Irish Newspapers.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The success of "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux" has been almost phenomenal. Almost all of the first large edition has been disposed of, and a second edition will be issued about Sept. 15. All who desire to possess a volume, which has won the plaudits of the American, German, English, Scotch and Irish press, should give their orders at the earliest possible date. The subjoined press opinions—selected from hundreds of others—will be read with interest:

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

JINNY.

She hed no paw ner maw
Ner any blood ner kin,
'N thet's hiccome it happened
Thet we all took her in.
A poor, peaked little critter,
Red headed, pale an' thin.

Six boys thar wus o' we uns,
An' pap he used to 'gree
Thet five of us wus likely
As you would wish to see,
An' one of us wus slowly,
An' thet thar one wus me.

An' Jinny used to pleg me
Fer bein' big an' lean,
All hands an' feet an' freckles,
The thickest ever seen;
She jedged 'twas only sunburn
Kept me from lookin' green.

First off I didn't mind it,
Them funnin' ways of hern,
But when she took to growin'
Like a slim young forest fern
An' did her hair up on top, why
Her jokes begun to burn

I knowed I wasn't nothin'
Set off 'ginst John an' Jim,
An' Bud—well, he was sightly,
An' Ted—I looked at him,
An' sensed his chance with Jinny
Wus big an' mine wus slim.

So I 'lowed to never mention
How much I keered for her;
Cus I jedge to pine in secret
It passes easier
Then to pine with folks a-knowin'
Jest what you're pinin' fer

I aped a friendly manner
An' talked with her right smart
About her beaux an' reckoned
She hedn't any heart,
An' one day when I said so
Her eyes flew wide apart

In a suddint, cur'us fashion,
An' the blue looked wet an' she
Wus pink as any rosebush,
An' I? well, when I see
Thet blush—well, the truth is,
She's goin' to marry me!

Eva Wilder McGlasson in St. Louis Critic.

BERENICE'S HAIR.

"Please indulge me in this, Fred."

"You know I object to spending the summer in such an out of the way place, Nora. Next winter I must go to work again in good earnest, and I wanted a little pleasant travel and recreation during the warm weather."

"Oh, nonsense! Berry says it's splendid, and she ought to know, for she spent two months there with her aunt last summer. The nicest hotel in the world, with a shaded terrace that overlooks a pleasant green. There are lovely walks and drives, too, and the dearest little lake, with a boat upon it. The village is perched upon the top of a hill, and it's such a cool, breezy place, with a fine view of the surrounding scenery."

"Stop and take breath, Nora!" exclaimed Fred, putting up his hands in dismay. "Does Berry talk like that? If she does I should decline going to the place, even if it were an Elysium."

"Oh, Berry would make a desert delightful! She was the dearest friend I had at school—a lovely little blonde, with such beautiful hair—long and heavy and shining, and she arranges it so prettily! She was always the first to adopt the new styles at school."

"Probably her father was a hair dresser, and she assisted him when at home."

"You fibber! Her father was a wealthy gentleman when living, and Berry is an orphan, residing with her aunt. It's really romantic the way she was named. Her mother had long, beautiful hair like Berry's, and her husband, who admired it very much, used to call her 'Berenice' sometimes for a pet name. Soon after Berry's birth he died, and her mother called her Berenice because he loved the name. Berry used to look at her constellation, as she called it, every summer night when the moon was not too bright. I never cared for it before, it is so dim, but now I always think about it when I'm looking at the stars. Come, Fred, you are interested in her, I know. Be a good brother and promise me we'll go, for I told Berry I was almost certain of it."

"Very well, Nora. If you are sure you will be satisfied with the place we will consider it settled."

Two weeks later Fred Lewis and his sister Nora arrived at the hotel in the little village which Nora had described as so enchanting. Berry was immediately notified of their advent, and was delighted to meet her friend. Fred, for a wonder, though he had heard her praised so often, was not disappointed in her.

"Don't you think Berry is beautiful?" asked Nora of her brother upon the first opportunity.

Now Fred had lost his heart already, but thinking "discretion the better part of valor" looked a little bored, and answered, "Well, ye—yes"—lingering on the "yes"—"rather."

"You know very well she is, but you won't confess it, because I wish you to like her," said Nora sharply.

This was quite true, for Fred loved to tease his sister, though usually he was very indulgent. He was a noble hearted fellow and very handsome, and Nora was really very proud of him.

He met Berry almost constantly, for their two parlors were adjoining and both opening upon the terrace, and he soon grew very fond of her society, though he still indulged his propensity to tease Nora about her.

One evening they were all sitting out upon the terrace enjoying the starlight and the cool night breeze.

"Your constellation is quite distinct to-night, Berry," Nora said.

"Yes," returned Berry, "though usually it is scarcely brighter than the Milky Way."

Fred smiled and gallantly quoted:

Behold
The glittering mass of Berenice's hair;
Forty the stars, but such as seem to kiss
The flowing tresses with a lambent flame.

And Berry, feeling slightly flattered, was very decided in the opinion that Nora's brother was a perfect gentleman and could be very entertaining if he liked.

The ardor of her imagination was somewhat dampened, however, upon the following afternoon. She was looking unusually charming in a dainty white muslin, her hair a wilderness of smooth braids and soft curls. Fred admired her exceedingly, and rendered himself so very agreeable that Nora was highly delighted. Berry stepped into her own parlor a moment in pursuit of a book, and Nora remarked, "How beautifully Berry's hair is arranged today!"

"Yes," remarked Fred, provokingly cool now the object of his admiration was absent. "Yellow hair is very expensive, I'm told. I wouldn't wonder if the mass she has on her head this afternoon cost £20."

Nora was about to cry "For shame!" when a vision of Berry in the doorway checked her. She had returned unperceived and stood half hesitating a moment. Then she advanced slowly, the soft white train of her dress rustling in her wake, her face crimson, her eyes flashing, and in spite of her anger a suspicion of tears.

"I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for the hair I'm wearing today, Mr. Lewis!" she answered.

And she was scarcely coquette enough to hide the pain in her voice.

Fred flushed hotly, and he would have given almost anything to be able to recall his words.

He rose to his feet and bowing said: "Miss Berenice, I humbly beg your pardon for my ill natured remark. I only made it to tease Nora, for of course I had no idea"——

"Apologize to Nora, then, not me," she answered quickly, and turning left the room.

She crept away by herself and sat down, feeling, in spite of her efforts to conquer the sensation, hurt and sore at heart. It was nothing, she told herself; she surely didn't care what Mr. Lewis thought about her, or said, either. And then came a sigh as she thought he did not care for her, or he could never have ridiculed her in any way, even to his sister.

And then, though she was not vain, she had always looked upon her hair as a sacred birthright bestowed by her dead mother, and had ever associated the beautiful constellation "Berenice" with thoughts of her mother in heaven; a childish fancy, but it had clung to her as childish fancies will cling to us all.

That night, before retiring, she braided her hair in two long braids, and in the morning she combed it out and left it flowing, only drawn away from her forehead, and banded by a blue ribbon.

The braiding had made it wavy, and it fell in bright, heavy, golden ripples, like a mantel of "cloth of gold," far below her waist. Fred smiled, half triumphantly, when he saw it.

"I didn't dream she cared so much for me," he thought.

Berry observed his peculiar smile, and the wrath appeared on her cheeks.

"I wonder if I'm wearing my heart upon my sleeve?" she asked herself. And then she told herself, in a little comforting whisper—"Wait."

Not long afterward Fred sat down to the table and began writing letters. Presently Berry came flying into the room.

"Nora!" she called in the softest little voice in the world, whirling around on one foot, and carelessly tossing aside her long hair with her hand. Out flew the bright golden ripples, and Fred's pen went spinning along the carpet.

"Oh, pardon me!" she cried. "My new wig is a little troublesome to manage, yet I've no doubt but that I shall become accustomed to it in time," and away she sped, leaving Fred to pick up his pen and resume his writing as best he might.

This was more easily said than done, for there was a zigzag mark over his letter, and as the pen had fallen on its point it was bent nearly double. Vexed as he was, he leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"That was gracefully done, I'll acknowledge," he said.

The afternoon was fine, and Lady Eaton, Berry's aunt, called them all out upon the terrace to view a distant mountain, which showed very clearly, the air being so pure. Fred brought out his telescope and gallantly held it while Berry peered through with such a look of interested curiosity one would suppose she had no thought for anything this side of the mountain.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed, giving her head a sudden toss.

Away flew a lock of hair, straight as an archer's arrow, into Fred's eyes. He nearly dropped the glass, and uttered an angry exclamation in sudden pain.

"Excuse my carelessness," she said quietly. "I had forgotten for the moment you were so near."

Fred went into the house and bathed his eyes in rather a reflective mood; but when he again appeared Berry seemed so unconscious of having done anything wrong and she was so pretty and engaging in manner throughout the evening he forgot his vexation and was as agreeable as possible.

The next day she appeared with her hair in the same style, and Fred all the morning was on the lookout for another hostile attack. None came, however. In the afternoon they went out to have a row upon the lake. After rowing a while Fred rested his arms and his oars at the same time, under the pretense that it was nicer to float slowly along. He took out a cigar and lighted it, saying he must make the most of it, for it was his last. He asked for some music while he puffed away, and the girls began a vocal duet.

In the midst of the song Berry took off her hat, making an excuse to fan herself with it. As she drew the elastic cord suddenly from beneath it out flew her shining hair like a glittering flag at the head of the boat, and away went Fred's "last cigar" into the water.

"That was too cruel!" he exclaimed; but Berry sang on, her soft voice floating so smoothly above Nora's alto that he swallowed his wrath, and sat with his eyes half shaded by his hat for fear of another dash, and thinking she looked and sang like a siren of the sea.

That evening he moved his chair to a remote corner of the terrace, at a safe distance from Berry, and smoked his cigar in silence, glancing meditatively toward the two girls, who sat near each other engaged in lively conversation.

"I'm tired of this one sided warfare!" he said to himself reflectively. "Of course I take a lively interest in it, wondering what she will do next; and then she's sure to act when I'm entirely off my guard. I believe I'll surrender at once and throw myself upon the mercy of the enemy!"

Fortune seemed to favor him, for soon after Nora rose, and, saying she promised to read aloud to Lady Eaton, she passed into the house. Berry was about to follow her, but Fred came quickly forward.

"Berenice," he said rather abruptly, "will you never forgive me for that unlucky speech?"

She turned almost coldly.

"To what speech do you refer, Mr. Lewis? I was not aware you were an orator."

"You cannot help knowing what I mean!" he cried. "And you are still unforgiving, though I acknowledge it was both ungentlemanly and unkind."

She was silent for a moment, a hush seemed to hover over her, whether from anger or excess of emotion he could not tell.

"I agree with you," she said concisely.

Not a very encouraging remark, and he felt it, but was determined to have done with suspense.

"I wish to recall what I said," he went on hurriedly. "I'll say you have the most beautiful hair in the world; for you have, Berry. I'll say you're an angel, and I'll say and do anything you desire for the rest of my natural life if you'll only forgive me, and—be my wife."

"I am not an angel," she answered. "And if you are worthy to be the husband of an angel you are too good for me."

She spoke in a cold, hard, unnatural tone of voice, but Fred was too much excited to notice it.

"If you will only love me, dear, I'll try to be worthy of you," he said gently.

Her lips were growing unsteady, and she set her teeth hard together.

"Don't make the attempt," she said at last. "It would be impossible for me to learn to love you." And she swept into the house.

Fred began to walk the terrace hurriedly.

"I don't understand these women," he said, as thousands of men have said before him and thousands more will say after him.

A few moments later Nora came running out.

"What's the matter, Fred?" she asked. "Here you are looking like a thunder cloud, and Berry is in her room crying as though her heart would break, and I can't find out what afflicts her."

"Berry crying?" echoed Fred in astonishment.

"Yes, indeed. Have you been quarreling?"

Fred was unable to speak from amazement, and Nora began to suspect the truth.

"I don't see how it is with you two," she continued. "I know you love each other, and yet you never agree upon any subject."

Leaving Fred to ponder on her words she went into the hotel to try and comfort Berry, and she succeeded so well that before many minutes had elapsed the two girls came out together. Berry was anxious to show Fred how indifferent she was, and the starlight told no tales about the evidences of tears.

"Come, Fred," said Nora, "don't sit musing by yourself; it's awfully dull this evening."

So she gradually drew them into conversation, and then withdrew to the opposite end of the terrace, making an excuse to listen to some singing in the adjacent rooms; and Fred, without losing a moment of time, began the conversation where it left off before.

"Berry," he said softly, "cannot you see how wretched I am? Do forgive me!" he entreated.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "Nora will hear what you are saying"—her heart all in a flutter.

"Whatever you may think of what I have done and said," he continued, dropping his voice a little for her sake, "I love you dearly—dearly. And"—here a little strategy crept in—"it almost drives me wild to know you dislike me so much."

"I—I didn't say I disliked you!" And she seemed so troubled. Fred drew nearer and passed his hand caressingly over her flowing hair.

"But I know you do!"—still clinging to artifice, since its use resulted favorably—"I know by your manner. You call me Mr. Lewis, instead of Fred, and you torment me without the slightest compunction. You swept your hair in my eyes yesterday and almost blinded them. They pain me yet sometimes."

This last was an awful story and only told for effect, but he managed to look so miserable that, woman like, she believed every word.

"I'm sorry I gave you so much pain, Mr.—Fred," she said, in a contrite little whisper.

His heart gave a bound. He leaned closer, very much in earnest now.

"Take pity on me, dear," he said, extending his hand.

She still hesitated, half afraid. Nora came quickly forward, and seizing Berry's little hand she placed it in Fred's eager palm, and then left them together.

"She heard us!" gasped Berry, drooping her head until her face was hidden by the bright falling hair.

Fred parted it and smoothed it back gently with his disengaged hand, twining it tenderly around his fingers and drawing her head to his breast.

"No matter, my darling," he said. "We won't care if you only love me, and you must give me the right to call you mine, all mine, before the world very soon!"—New York World.

The "fourth estate" is another name for the press, and the term is of very modern origin. The "three estates of the realm" are commonly known as the lords, the clergy and the commons.

Dr. Gautrelet, of Vichy, claims to render smoking harmless by inserting in the pipe or cigar holder a piece of cotton wool steeped in a 5 or 10 per cent. solution of pyrogallic acid.

DRESS WITH A HISTORY.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS WORE IN THE OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

How Part of the Uniform Has Survived to the Present Day—The Origin of the Blue and Buff and What the Riflemen Wore.

In the colonial days the militia wore the dress that they had inherited from England. Three, at least, of those costumes have survived to the present day. One is that worn by the City Troop, of Philadelphia. Modifications, it is true, have been made in the hat from time to time, but they have been in detail of form, and not at all in character. The uniform was and is one of the handsomest that was ever worn by a soldier. There is a company in Hartford which still wears scarlet coats and the hat of the last century, which call to mind the British Grenadiers and the soldiers of Frederick the Great. In Richmond, Va., there is a company that wears an abominable hat, invented in the time of the Stuarts, and possessing only the merit of being historical.

IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

In the war of the Revolution uniforms for the troops were out of the question. It was simply impossible to procure the cloth from which to make them, or the money to pay for them. The difficulties in the way of Washington and the Continental congress in this respect have already been fully explained. As for Washington, he adopted a simple uniform of blue and buff for general officers, which may have been suggested, as has been intimated by a high authority, by the Whigs and the Scotch Covenanters, but which were more likely inspired by the uniform of the Blues, in which Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was an officer.

It was a plain, pleasing uniform, not brilliant, but eminently fitting to the wearer and the cause of which he was a leader. It was late in the war when an enlisted man's uniform was buff and blue, and then only on paper. The only clothes that were obtainable were the very best for actual service. As early as the French and Indian war Washington, as the commanding officer of the Virginia militia, urged Governor Dinwiddie to provide the troops with the simple and useful dress of the hunter, and afterward, in the Revolution, he urged that as many as could should procure this comfortable dress, which, as it was the costume of the riflemen, struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

The riflemen of the last century wore loose fitting tunics or jackets made of homespun. While the rest of mankind wore breeches they wore trousers. They were, indeed, the first to introduce that useful garment, but the trousers did not closely resemble those of our own time. Instead of being tight above the knee, they gave free play of the muscles of the leg, and were gathered close at the ankle by buttons, so that they were not like the awkward flapping, catch all impediments of today. These clothes were ornamented with furbelows or ravelings of the materials of which they were made, a fashion that has been always popular with frontier Americans.

THE RIFLEMEN'S DRESS.

The American riflemen wore the dress that was in its time the best possible service uniform. It was an ample protection from the weather, for it might be of cotton in summer and of wool in winter. It was not burdensome. It permitted the unobstructed use of all the wearer's powers. It did not distract him by petty annoyances. The shoes were closed and guarded by the buttoned bottoms of the trousers, so that during a long march dust and gravel did not intrude to the wounding of the feet and the laming of the men. The hat was a soft wide brimmed felt, not pressing too much on the head and shading the eyes.

The accouterment of the rifleman consisted of what was useful to him. Of all the soldiers of his time he alone wore a body belt. Into this belt he stuck a hunting knife, with which he cut his fuel, his food, or his pathway through the forests. His weapon was better than that issued to the troops opposed to him, and the British soldier with his Brown Bess feared the Yankee rifle. Finally his cartridge box and canteen were carried from his shoulders. This was a virtue of the period, however, for a hundred years ago no soldiers carried weight on their waists.

It is probable that the absence of uniforms greatly assisted the American army in its struggles with the well clad enemy. The dress of the period was certainly not calculated to aid action. It is almost impossible to imagine anything that could make a fighting man more ineffective than the heavy hats, the full, long skirted coats, the skin tight breeches and the leather stocks with which custom clothed the British soldier. Most of the muscles of the body were cased in, and were directed to preserving the rod like stiffness which was prescribed by the drill master. It is easy to understand how, other things being equal, men whose clothes permitted them to be active and agile could easily overcome the buckram men, who had to shoot over leather stocks.—Harper's Weekly.

Pen Made Money.

Regularly every six months the treasury department receives either a twenty or fifty dollar bill which, from all appearances, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times these bills have defied detection and passed on their tour of circulation unhindered. The counterfeiter seems to be a genius who yearns for notoriety, as he could not make his living by his penmanship. The culprit has not yet been captured, although efforts have been made to find him, and it is believed that he has had the pleasure of viewing his handiwork in a little frame which hangs on the walls of the treasury building.—Washington Letter.

Flattering a Poet.

Not long ago a poet was staying at a seaside hotel, where he attracted some attention as a celebrity. Among the guests was a woman who wished her daughter to seem on intimate terms with literature, and, as far as possible, with literary people. Accordingly she set the girl at work to learn one of the poet's shorter pieces, which might have been a clever move to gain her point, but the effect of it was somewhat injured by the daughter's carelessness and ignorance.

On the same page with the poem in question—in a book of selections—was one by another and more famous writer, and the girl made the mistake of committing this instead of the one which her mother had intended.

At the first opportunity the young lady said to the poet in the presence of several of the guests:

"It is such a delight to meet one whose lines I have carried in my mind for years! The poem which I love better than any other in the world is one of yours."

"Indeed!" answered the smiling poet. "I had not flattered myself that I had written anything worthy of such honor. What is it?"

With an affected emphasis the girl repeated the poem she had learned, the company, of course, remaining silent till she had finished.

"It is lovely!" murmured one of the guests, who did not recognize it.

"Yes," said the poet, "it is so good that I can only regret that Wordsworth should have taken the liberty of writing it before I was born. Otherwise I should undoubtedly have written it myself."

The best of good breeding could not altogether repress the smiles of the bystanders, and the poor girl, suddenly remembering that her mother needed her, disappeared with much celerity.

"It is a pity," the poet said mildly, when she was out of hearing, "it is a pity that people cannot understand that we writers, vain though we may be, are not so blinded by vanity as to be unable to tell genuine admiration from the poorest of make believe."—Youth's Companion.

The Lightning Was Mad.

During a picnic held by the colored order of Odd Fellows lightning struck a tree under which the festivities were conducted. The following Sunday old Dan Hightower, a colored preacher of great renown, arose and said:

"Brudders and sisterers, we'se jest had er awful 'lustration o' whut de Lawd thinks o' de wickedness o' dis yere worl'! While dem follerers o' Satan wuz er dancin' an er skylarkin' under dat tree, an' w'en da oughter been er prayin' ur raisin' money fur ter git this yere church outen debt, yere come de lightnin' o' de Lawd an' struck de tree. Oh, whut a warnin' was dat, sinner man. Sinner pussan, jes' stop fur er minit an' think what er warnin' come down on dat 'casion. De sinners got up money fur dat picnic, but w'en I axes 'em fur money ter he'p save their souls, w'y da ginter grunt an' 'plain o' hard times.

"Nebber mine; de lightnin' gwine come wus den dat de nairt time de sinners an' de folks dat 'tind like da is Christians gits up one o' dem picnics. W'y, brudders, er picnic ain't nuthin' but old Satan er sunnin' hisse'f. Brudder Mallory, put down dat winder, ef you pleases, sah. Dar's er rain comin' up. De sinners is er buckin' right er gin de church w'en da goes off da ter"——

There came a terrific peal of thunder and a vivid flash of light. One corner of the church fell and the rain came pouring in. The house had been struck by lightning.

The old preacher did not lose his presence of mind, for when, after the fright was over, a "sinner man" asked what he thought of lightning striking a church as well as a tree under which the picnic was held, he said:

"It's disser way: de lightnin' has got so nuter strikin' at dese sinners dat it kain't keep still, an' you'se got it so mad it doan know whar it's hittin'."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a farm house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing the same way still?"

A poor shopgirl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. Her friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all good things seem to belong only to the "swell" rich?

Children's relief and fresh air funds are doing much in our cities to give to the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.—Youth's Companion.

The Advantage of the Public School.

We have no place in America for dainty people—often called gilt edged—who think that the army would be a good place if it were not for the rank and file. So it is better for a boy of ours to be pitched into a public school, to take pot luck with all sorts and conditions of boys, and to learn, in the earliest life, that some of the best fellows in the world, not to say the brightest, never had a French nurse, and always black their own shoes, when they are blacked at all. In all such schools that I have known the tone of honor is very high. And in such society one early learns the great lesson that all the people are wiser than any one of the people.—Edward Everett Hale in Forum.

The Hurtful Influence of Malthus.

Few books have exercised so pernicious an influence upon the general development of economic thought as Malthus' "Essay on the Principle of Population" exercised for three consecutive generations. It appeared at the right time, like all books which have had any influence at all, and it summed up ideas already current in the minds of the wealth possessing minority. It was precisely when the ideas of equality and liberty awakened by the French and American revolutions were still permeating the minds of the poor, while the richer classes had tired of their amateurish excursions into the same domains, that Malthus came to prove that no equality is possible; that the poverty of the many is a natural law; that population grows too rapidly and the newcomers find no room at the feast of nature, and that the law cannot be altered by any change of institutions.

He thus gave to the rich a kind of scientific argument against the ideas of equality; and we know that though all dominion is based upon force, force itself begins to totter as soon as it is no longer supported by a firm belief in its own rightfulness. As to the poorer classes—which always resent the influence of ideas circulating at a given time amid the wealthier classes—it deprived them of the very hope of improvement; it made them skeptical as to the promises of the social reformers; and to this day the most advanced reformers entertain doubts as to the possibility of satisfying the needs of all, in case these needs were suddenly increased by a revolution, and a temporary welfare of the laborers resulted in a sudden increase of population. —Prince Krapotkin in Forum.

A Cabman's Opinion of Women.

Said an old cabman: "I have been standing in Forty-second street here since 1867, and never have I had an extra ten cent piece from a woman. They are all alike and their name is close. I never drive one that she doesn't want to go like an engineer, and if I demand extra pay for the time made over the road she will hold back and fight with her mouth every time. They all want their money's worth. If they agree to travel at mile rates and doubt my estimate of the distances I have to wait while they go into a drug store or telegraph office for points, and then I lose more time than the difference amounts to. If they hire me by the hour they will hold the cab till the full hour is up. I never knew one of them to cheat in the time, and never met one who paid for a fraction over. A man will allow me half an hour or half a dollar occasionally to get back to the stand, but a woman never pays for anything she doesn't get. Unless she is with a man I don't care much about carrying her."—New York World.

Rich Men's Cigars.

It is a mistake to presume that the rich men smoke the higher grades of cigars, according to a well known dealer. The Vanderbilts and the Goulds use choice clear Havanas and pay high prices for them, but they are exceptions among the wealthy class. The gamblers are the connoisseurs in the matter of smoking. They buy only the best and highest priced cigars. Rich men's sons who are clerks at small salaries come next in their choice of cigars, and the politicians are third in the list. Business men in the commercial and mercantile lines rank fourth, and the same authority says that retired merchants and millionaires buy the cheapest cigars they can get.—New York Telegram.

CHEAP SUMMER DRINKS.

EXCELLENT SODA WATER COSTS BUT FIFTEEN CENTS A GALLON.

How the Stuff Is Made—Few Druggists Manufacture Their Own Soda Water. Where the Profit on a Drink Comes From. Mineral Waters Are Manufactured.

A temporary lull in the business gave a reporter an opportunity to ask the clerk behind the counter how it was that he manufactured his soda water. But he laughed as he replied:

"Most people seem to have a notion that every apothecary makes his own soda water in a tank down cellar, whereas the fact is that he never manufactures it himself under any circumstances, but buys it by the quantity all ready for use. It comes in ten gallon receptacles, and the business of producing it is an enormous one in this country.

"We get ours from Baltimore, but there are factories in all the big cities. Each factory has thousands of such ten gallon receptacles as I speak of, of steel and heavily bound with metal ribs, so as to withstand the tremendous pressure to which they are subjected. It is their business to send these tanks filled to the apothecaries and others who dispense the stuff. The latter put the tanks beneath their fountains, one at a time, draw from them until they are empty, and then send them back to be refilled and returned, loaded as before—and so on ad infinitum."

HOW SODA WATER IS MADE.

"But how is the stuff made at the factory?"

"In the simplest way imaginable, though in vast quantities. Of course it is merely water charged with carbonic acid gas. Water is plenty from the hydrant, and ordinary marble is full of carbonic acid, which was combined with the lime ages ago when the earth's surface was forming under the influence of fire. To get the carbonic acid out of the marble it is only necessary to reduce it to powder and pour sulphuric acid on it.

"Violent chemical combustion results, and the carbonic acid parts from the lime in the shape of carbolic acid gas. At the factory they put the marble dust in a big metal receiver, a couple of barrels at a time, with about as much water, and close it up so tight that there is no vent save one small pipe leading out of the top. Machinery keeps the water and marble dust constantly stirred, while from a receptacle above sulphuric acid drips slowly down upon the mixture.

"The carbonic acid gas filling the receiver passes out as fast as it is generated through the pipe, bubbles through water in a little reservoir to purify it, and makes its way through a tube that is fastened to the mouth of the ten gallon tank which is to be charged."

MINERAL WATERS.

"The ten gallon tank is two-thirds full of water and is kept shaken violently on a sort of swinging cradle while the gas is passing into it, in order that the water shall take up as much of the gas as possible. When it is thoroughly charged the tank is hermetically sealed and is ready to be delivered to the apothecary for serving his customers. The business is a dangerous one, for once in a while a generating receiver bursts and blows the factory to flinders.

"We pay fifteen cents a gallon for our soda water, and that much will make at least sixteen glasses, so that it costs us less than one cent a glass. Add another cent for sirup, and at five cents a glass the profit is very satisfactory. Four-fifths of the soda water fountains made are manufactured in Boston by two great firms, which are the largest users of fancy marbles in the world. The most costly of them are worth $6,000 apiece, and are sold in the west, where gorgeousness in such ways is highly appreciated.

"Immensely valuable patents cover the inside works of the modern fountains, with their hundreds of feet of block tin tubing, cylinders and 'blacking box cells,' by which the soda water is chilled almost to freezing point before coming out at the spigot."

"How is it about mineral waters?"

"They are nearly all manufactured artificially. You can take your choice of the mineral springs at any apothecary's shop, but what you get is almost invariably a chemical solution put up by a formula corresponding to the analysis of this or that real medicinal water. There is very little of the actual stuff on the market, comparatively speaking; the imitations are so very much cheaper. Good sized factories all over the country are devoted to producing them."—Washington Star.

Fatal Struggle with a Tiger.

Details are given in the Indian papers of the painful death of Mr. Howard, of the Norfolk regiment, from injuries received in a struggle with a tiger. Mr. Howard was out shooting near Malapuram, on the west coast, when he suddenly came upon a tiger. He fired and wounded the animal, which fled into the jungle. Mr. Howard an hour later came across the tiger in the open. The animal charged at him, and Mr. Howard in firing missed. Two natives ran away. Though a third remained and was successful in shooting the tiger, he did not succeed in time to prevent it from seizing and inflicting serious injuries on Mr. Howard. From these he was at first expected to recover, but he died suddenly, to the great regret of his regiment, one morning shortly after his exciting struggle.—London News.

Both Went Out.

An Irishman, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace which heated the house. To the irritation of the household there came a morning bitterly cold when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that an investigation showed there remained not one spark or ember in the grate. "Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night." "So did I, sorr," returned the culprit serenely.—Dominion Illustrated.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2267 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 153 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3838 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1095 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; P N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4453 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierconi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's ball, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James B. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Hislpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael G. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st; Treas. Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 442 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3756 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., F. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoreghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHenan, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Dohony; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Phill. Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres, Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 43 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Beardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, Joan J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of

Diphtheria.

Of those who were attacked by yellow fever during the prevalence of that disease in Florida a year or two ago only about one in eleven died. In the same year there were 1,422 cases of diphtheria in Boston, of which 470, or one in three, proved fatal. During the last eleven years there have been 14,867 cases of diphtheria in Boston, with an aggregate of 4,825 deaths.

Such a fearful prevalence of this deadly disease with its incessant desolation of homes is not by any means necessary. In Glasgow, Scotland, its ravages have been greatly checked by means of enforced isolation and disinfection, and there is no reason why our own boards of health, if they were armed with the requisite legal power and backed up by a wise public sentiment, might not be able to accomplish a similar result.

Diphtheria is much more fatal than smallpox, and the fact that it is less contagious only increases the necessity of compulsory isolation, for many persons expose themselves unnecessarily to diphtheria who could not be induced by any consideration to expose themselves to smallpox.

It is a fact of public interest that diphtheria does not go from house to house apart from personal communication. Except in tenement houses, therefore, the patient can be safely isolated at home, provided the public is duly notified by some simple but familiar signal attached to the door. For such as cannot be safely isolated at home adequate municipal accommodation should be provided.—Youth's Companion.

Nutmegs.

Nutmegs grow on small trees which much resemble our pear trees of six or seven years' growth. The tree is of a pale hue much resembling in color the weeping willow; is very fragrant and hardly ever attains the height of more than twenty feet. Nutmeg trees grow both the nutmegs and the mace of commerce, the nutmeg being the seed of the fruit and the mace the thin covering over the seed. The fruit itself is about as large as a good sized peach, and when ripe breaks open and exposes to view the fragrant little nut so highly prized as a spice by all good cooks.

The tree, which is indigenous to several countries, grows most abundantly on the island of Asia, but few growing in America, these being confined to the tropical parts. After arriving at maturity a tree will bear nutmegs for from 70 to 100 years, having ripe and green fruit upon its branches at all seasons of the year. One of the finest nutmeg trees in the world grows in a public park at Kingston, on the island of Jamaica. As high as 5,000 nutmegs have been gathered from it in a single year.

A century ago the Dutch controlled the nutmeg trade of the world, as they then owned the Banda islands, the only place it was known to grow. Ten thousand bushels of nutmegs were burned at one time by the Dutch traders, who were making a wild effort at keeping up prices.—St. Louis Republic.

Paper Shell Clams.

Of long clams, or paper shells, as some term them, there are several varieties. For these there is also a ready market, but the choicest kinds never find their way to the New York dealers, as not enough are dug to supply the home demand. When long clams are dug for shipment to New York, the clammer goes to a bar which falls bare at low tide and digs the ground over with a garden fork, having a boy to pick them up. In this way from two to four bushels may be taken in a tide, and for them he gets a dollar a bushel. When he wants a mess for his own table he goes out to the extreme low water limit, and digs even then in water a foot deep.

He can get no more than half a peck, and never offers them for sale. These clams are large, and sometimes weigh eighteen ounces apiece. They are young and tender, and the sweetest morsel, when properly cooked, that a man ever laid on his tongue. The clam catch is estimated at 75,000 bushels a year. The best time to go clamming is after a heavy west or northwest wind, for then the tide falls very low and new grounds may be reached. At Guilford, after a northwest storm, many of the workmen leave the foundry and shops, and lose half a day's time to get a small mess of the delicious bivalves. Summer visitors hire cheap cottages, dig up the clams, on which they largely live, and then go back to the city and brag how cheaply they can live at the seaside.—New York Sun.

Clergy in Russia.

The clergy of the Russian church are divided into two classes, according to their means of sustenance. One portion receive their regular salaries, the other have to work in the fields which the church apportions to them, and to depend on the gifts and collections from their parishioners. The latter are known as the "white" clergy. Now the synod is working out a plan for putting the entire clergy on regular salaries and abolishing the system of church collections. The sum of 32,841,600 rubles will be required annually for the salaries of the "white" clergy, which will be graded according to their respective offices. A special tax will be imposed upon the "orthodox" to raise that sum.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Origin of Cholera Infantum.

Professor Vaughan, of Michigan university, thinks that he has discovered the origin of cholera infantum. It is, according to his theory, the result of a poison generated by germs in the alimentary canal. He has extracted and tested in his laboratory the specific poison in question, and hopes to be able to produce an antidote with which the patient may be inoculated. He calls the poison tyrotoxicon, and finds it in cheese and all products of milk.—New Orleans Picayune.

He Named It.

"D'you know what is to be the new capital of Alaska?"

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"What?"

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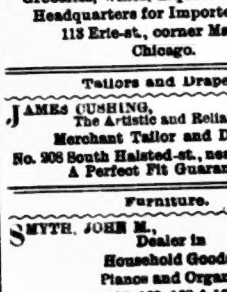

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M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery. (Administratrix sale of real estate).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause by said Probate Court on the 20th day of August, 1890 the undersigned, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, will on Monday, the 29th day of September, 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the East main entrance on Clark street of the Court House, in the City of Chicago, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title, and interest which the said Margaret Seery had at the time of her decease in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian, with the buildings and improvements thereon, subject to an incumbrance of four hundred ($400) dollars and interest, to the said Mary Seery. No deed will be delivered until after such sale has been confirmed by the court

ESTHER SEERY, Administratrix.

Dated August 28, 1890.

H.R.EAGLE

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It is a fact, although not many of the consumers of tea may know it, that, owing to the passage of the "Silver Bill" by the present Congress, the price of teas has been advanced about 9 cents per pound. Knowing that these advances were coming, we "took time by the forelock" and before the advances occurred bought about 2,800 chests of teas. This is about 168,000 pounds of tea. This we will sell to our customers at the old prices, which means that we will sell them any quantity they want at less than the large jobbers can import them for.

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A Good Japan, per pound..... 25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per pound..... 35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per pound.. 50 cents

OOLONG.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per pound..... 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per pound..... 35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, per pound..... 50 cents

GUNPOWDERS.	ENGLISH BREAKFAST.
A Good Drinking Gunpowder, per lb. 25c	A Good English Breakfast, per lb.... 25c
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb..... 25c	A Fine English Breakfast, per lb.... 35c
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb..... 50c	A Fancy English Breakfast, per lb.... 50c

Our Blended Tea, which is worth double the money, we still sell for 37 cents per pound.

Japan "Nibbs," not much for style, but a good drinker, per pound 19 cents.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. September Term, A. D 1890 George M. Larimer vs Ada P. Larimer. In Chancery. No. 84,369.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ada P. Larimer that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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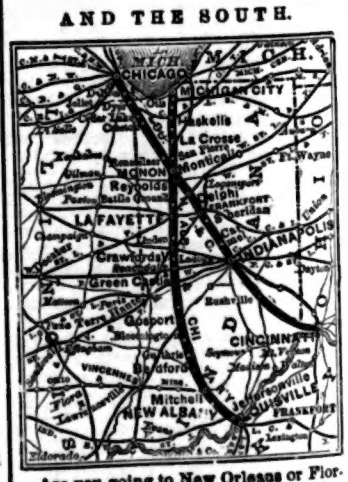

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